The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1928 NUMBER 727

Contents

The Week 311

Editorials

The Campaign of Candor 314
Progressives and Socialists 315
Vanzetti Was Innocent 317

General Articles

The Education of Al Smith ..... E. C. Lindeman 319
Why I Am for Smith ..... John Dewey 320
Elmer Sees It Through ..... Felix Ray 324
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 325
Gods of the Lightning ..... Stark Young 326
Bootleggers ..... T. S. M. 328

Correspondence 329

Reviews of Books

Whither America? ..... Robert Morss Lovett 331
Russia's Political Scissors ..... J. B. S. Hardman 332
Alas! ..... Babette Deutsch 333
Max Romanus ..... T. S. Matthews 334
Beloved Scoundrel ..... Hudson Strode 334
Fiction Notes 335

The Week

A FEW days after this issue of the New Republic reaches the hands of its readers, the election will be over. This is not the moment, therefore, either to attempt to predict the result or to analyze the campaign in detail. It is not too soon to point out, however, that it has been the bitterest political fight in at least a generation, and that an unprecedented number of voters will cast their ballots, not for a candidate but against one. Some of the arguments used have done no credit either to those who have advanced them or those influenced by them; some of the documents circulated, not, of course, officially, have been of a scurrility which would be unbelievable were it not proved in black and white. Yet it would be easy to say too much along this line. Some of the things which have been brought out into the open had existed too long underground and will be the better for an airing. Certainly those who had been complaining of the apathy of the voters can do so no longer. Record-breaking registrations seem likely to be followed by polls which have not been equalled since women received the franchise. Those who believe in the democratic process ought to contemplate with satisfaction the spectacle of forty-three million persons preparing to exercise their rights as voters, not only willingly but with crusading zeal.

AS has not been the case with some other recent presidential elections, the closing days of this campaign have seen political activity rise to a climax of intensity. Senator Norris, as was predicted, comes out for Smith, in a fine speech in which he put the power issue in its proper place as one of the dominant questions before the American people. Mr. Hoover, seemingly driven into a panic by the possible effect of Senator Norris' action upon the voters of the farm states, makes his crudest and bluntest political move by announcing that if the agricultural problem is not solved in the short session of Congress—as he knows very well it will not and cannot be—he, if elected, will call a special session to deal with it. Senator Borah, an authorized Republican speaker, declares prohibition is a predominant issue, and former Secretary Hughes, equally authorized, says it is not an issue at all, since nobody can do anything about it anyhow. Governor Smith replies by citing what he has been able to accomplish in New York under circumstances comparable to those of a wet President in the White House. Mr. Mellon tells us again why men of great wealth should feel safe with Mr. Hoover as Chief Executive. Both parties daily claim the victory; both are fighting with a desperate intensity which belies their confident predictions. Only Mr. Coolidge, as we go to press, remains silent, sitting complacently above the battle. Is he being held in reserve for the last minute? Or has he taken the boasts of Dr. Work at their face value and decided that it is not worth while to trouble himself on behalf of a candidate so completely certain of victory as Mr. Hoover?

IN his Baltimore speech, Governor Smith took up the important subject of foreign policy. He declared for a policy based on the assumption that "we have no right to meddle in the internal affairs of any other country," and observed that "you cannot preach one doctrine in Europe and practise a different one in South and Central America." He pledged himself and his party to "make every effort

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to make the outlawry of war an effective thing" and endorsed the methods of "conciliation, arbitration and judicial determination." Even more important than these general phrases was his promise that if elected he would practise open diplomacy and that the public opinion of the whole country would be consulted in the creation of foreign policy. While there are certain problems on which we wish Governor Smith had been more specific, he has gone much further than Mr. Hoover in indicating the sort of foreign relations which might be expected from his administration, and has indicated an attitude which we regard as much more hopeful. Mr. Hoover in effect has promised to maintain the Coolidge policies; Governor Smith sketches the outline of a genuinely liberal position.

ONE of the most striking events of the last weeks of the campaign was Governor Smith's sharp challenge of Mr. Hughes' statement that he was engaging in a "sham battle" over prohibition. The easy thing to do—just as it has been the easy thing for the Republicans to do—would have been to straddle the issue. As Mr. Smith has pointed out, while Judge Hughes was saying in wet territory that nothing could be done to get rid of prohibition, Senator Borah was saying in dry territory that it is the leading issue of the campaign, overshadowing such matters presumably near to his heart as his disagreement with Mr. Hoover on water power. Governor Smith, on the contrary, serves full notice on the drys that he will use all his energy to attempt to defeat their policy and that he hopes for success. Of course we do not expect that no drys will vote for Governor Smith. But if they do, they will know what they are doing. Like Senator Norris, they will regard agreement on other issues as of greater importance, and rest confident in the belief that Mr. Smith's effort to amend the Eighteenth Amendment will not be so successful as he hopes. Or, like certain Southern drys, they will become converted to Mr. Smith's program itself, which promises state autonomy on the question. It can never be justly charged against Mr. Smith that he is attempting to carry water on one shoulder and liquor on the other. For his courageous attitude he should receive full credit.

IS the Anglo-French understanding at an end, or is it not? British and American commentators almost unanimously assume that it is, having been destroyed by the vigorous objection of the United States. From some French quarters, however, there are hints that it is still at least partially in force. The exceedingly grave question whether Great Britain still agrees that France need not count trained reservists as part of her military force remains unanswered. No one knows, either, whether the parity in light cruisers and submarines which was offered the French has now been withdrawn. Lord Cushendun said the other day that "the entente with France has never been dissolved." Does this mean that there is a definite military and diplomatic agreement between them? Or did Lord Cushendun use the word "entente" loosely as meaning only a general, amiable *rapprochement?* The continued failure of the two governments to clear up these important points gives rise to, and fully justifies, the gravest uneasiness.

PROHIBITION in a presidential campaign is one of those issues which tend to defy exact definition. Both major candidates are emphatic in promising enforcement of the existing law; but it is obvious that the presidency does not carry authority to make good such a promise. A President is responsible for the personnel of the departments charged with executing the law; but the support of such departments depends on appropriations from Congress. The radical difference in attitude between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith toward the great moral experiment does not imply any corresponding difference in the matter of law enforcement. On the contrary, it may be argued that Governor Smith, because of his avowed interest in the repeal of the Amendment, will be the more zealous in enforcing the existing law, as a matter both of personal honor and public policy.

THERE are, however, directions in which the Executive can move within his own jurisdiction to enforce the existing law. These are in the federal services. The President is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and of the Navy and responsible for the federal judiciary. He can let it be known that he regards the oath of allegiance to the United States taken by officers in these departments as implying a special loyalty to the Eighteenth Amendment, the point at which the Constitution is most in danger of breaking down. As Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval services he cannot merely forbid, but can take measures to prevent, the presence and use of liquor in army camps or on United States vessels. He can announce to officers that drinking, whether on or off duty, will be regarded as conduct prejudicial to discipline and that, on information given, proceedings will be taken. As to federal judges and attorneys, the President has power of appointment and promotion. He can institute proceedings for removal and has a powerful weapon in publicity. More than this, through the federal control of the city of Washington, he can bring Congressmen and Senators who vote dry and participate in the defiance of the law into the contempt which they deserve. A President who means business can make Washington dry. And until a candidate promises to use his own executive power to the utmost, without stint or limit, for the enforcement of the law, we shall regard his promises or expressions of opinion as contributing no more to the settlement of the question than Mr. Harding or Mr. Coolidge has contributed—nothing.

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IT IS undoubtedly true that the worst handicap the Smith campaign has had to suffer has been defeatism. The supporters of Thomas, in particular, have argued that, since neither Smith nor Thomas has a chance, the independent voter might as well express his preference for "ultimate principles." It is interesting to note that as the campaign comes to its close, this defeatism has greatly diminished in volume. The famous poll of The Literary Digest has been subjected to sharp criticism, of the sort already reported in our columns, and the other straw votes, which in general have favored Hoover, are open to similar challenge. The political experts are hopelessly in disagreement. A number of them, queried by the New York Evening Telegram, attempted in advance to guess the electoral votes which will be received by each of the two main candidates. Of nine such experts, five give the election to Hoover, and four to Smith, most of the latter by a decisive margin. It is clear that the contest will not be ended until the returns are all in.

DURING the past decade, the state of California has been the worst of all the forty-eight in regard to violations of civil liberty. Recently her record had been somewhat better, and many persons hoped a reformation had taken place, but it now appears that this optimism was premature. The Los Angeles authorities have suddenly gone witch-hunting again. They have arrested ten men and have raided a school, a home and the office of a co-operative organization, seizing many documents. One of the men arrested alleges that he was beaten by the police. Deportation proceedings have been inaugurated against some of those taken into custody, who are not citizens of the United States. The only offense, in every case, seems to have been distributing the regular and official campaign literature of the Workers' (Communist) party. The American Civil Liberties Union, which has looked into the case, charges that the federal authorities have instigated the raids, with the backing of the notorious "Better America Federation" of California, one of the worst of the witch-hunting brotherhoods which were brought into being during the Red hysteria of 1920. Temporarily, at least, the slogan of Mr. Hoover's home state is "back to normalcy"—back to fear, injustice, and the rigorous limitation of free speech to those who agree with prevailing sentiment in the community.

WHETHER or not this is "the century of the child" throughout the world, the phrase is fair enough as regards America. Not only do we pour out billions annually on education for the rising generation, but conscientious parents expend, in training themselves to do their job better, amounts of time, money and energy which to a European would seem madly fantastic. A few months ago a Parents' Exposition was held in New York, attended by many thousands of persons who presumably are in that classification or expect to arrive there. On November 20, the Child Study Association of America will celebrate the fortieth birthday of activities which are now so numerous and widespread that it seems a veritable university for the education of parents. Throughout the country it conducts study groups in which troubled fathers and mothers can come together to exchange experiences and, under expert guidance, help solve one another's problems. It publishes books and pamphlets, and even an elaborate monthly magazine. At its New York headquarters, it has a library of several thousand volumes, all devoted to the relationship between parent and child, and it supplies its branch organizations with miniature libraries on loan. A Speakers' Bureau undertakes to supply to any audience a lecturer who is entitled to be listened to with respect on these matters. Summer Play Schools are conducted which "demonstrate, through the coördination of available public and private agencies, how a healthful and constructive program of all-day care can be provided for children who remain in the city during the vacation period. Any nation which had even one organization of this type might well be looked upon with respect; but, as our readers know, it is by no means alone in its field. If taking thought about the welfare of its children can produce greatness in the citizens of any country, then the United States is indubitably headed toward that happy state of affairs.

AMERICANS who know how terrible are conditions in many of our prisons may take some sorry comfort from the knowledge that they are at least as bad in several European countries. A careful survey has recently been made of the treatment of prisoners in Eastern Europe, revealing that the most dreadful cruelties are habitually practised. The findings, as summarized in the Manchester Guardian, show that

> political prisoners undergoing long sentences are kept in iron cages or in prison cells the size and shape of coffins. Women are under the constant surveillance of male warders. Prisoners are beaten on the soles of their feet until unable to stand. "Confessions" are extorted with clubs and even with red-hot irons. Political prisoners are gradually starved to death. In one case a man who was driven to the verge of insanity by a year's solitary confinement was then totally acquitted of any offense. These are merely instances of penal administration, applied not only to criminals but also to highly educated men and women whose sole offense is often that they have shown disapproval of the system which regularizes such barbarities.

Efforts are being made to end the worst of these practices through the League of Nations. The Howard League for Penal Reform, the Society of Friends and the League of Nations Union have united in drawing up a "prisoners' code," which they hope to get adopted by the various states. The governments adhering to it would promise

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to grant prisoners a public trial and the opportunity of legal defense within six months of their arrest; to remedy the insanitary conditions of their verminous and disease-ridden prisons; not to keep children in the same cells as adult criminals, and not to put children to death; to abolish torture, and not to permit prisoners to be flogged merely at the discretion of the police or "with a severity liable to result in permanent injury."

These seem like fairly modest and reasonable requirements; yet their adoption would mean nothing less than a revolution in prison methods, not only in the more backward European countries but in many of our own states.

The Campaign of Candor

IRRESPECTIVE of the result of the election on November 6, the campaigns conducted by the presidential candidates of the leading parties have had a measurable effect on the life of the nation. It is worth while, now that these campaigns are virtually completed, to assess their value. And we can think of no better way of approaching the subject than to infer, from the surface aspect of the respective canvasses, what the central genius planning each of them must have intended—if there were such geniuses.

Let us assume that these hypothetical master strategists were completely cynical in their view of politics, and laid their plans without regard to the sincerity or intrinsic worth of arguments, but with a sole eye to victory. The Republican generalissimo, then, must have reasoned somewhat as follows. Our chief assets are: the huge majority received by Coolidge; the satisfaction of many voters with the advances in material wealth made in the past seven and a half years; the fear that the Democrats might do something to injure business prosperity; the reputation of Hoover as a humanitarian and an engineer; hostility to Smith's religion, origin and social status; and the deep-seated distrust of Tammany. Our chief weaknesses are: the divided state of mind of the country concerning prohibition; our candidate's lack of personal appeal as a campaigner and his inability to arouse a wide and enthusiastic political following; the revolt of the farmers; the disaffection on account of the oil and other scandals; and the conflict of interest between those who are dissatisfied with present economic arrangements and those who want the government to remain an ally of special and powerful interests.

From these axioms, it was clear what must be done. Every opportunity must be seized to praise the record of the Coolidge administration, though throwing out as a sop to those who remember the Harding corruption a general but discreet declaration in favor of governmental honesty. Oceans of statistics and declarations must be quoted on the various aspects of the recent growth of the national income. The Democrats must be accused of being hostile to business on account of their traditional enmity toward the protective tariff. The presidential candidate must make as few speeches as is decent, and in these speeches he must avoid as he would a plague any attempt to debate with the Democrats or to discuss specific programs. He must make himself appear noble, safe and sane, a friend of mothers, orphans and the family. Meanwhile his supporters must arouse memories of his work in Belgian relief and also create a widespread sense that he is an "expert," a "trained mind"—a superman above the petty controversies of politics, who may safely be given a blank check of confidence. Perhaps the candidate must go a little beyond this on the issue of farm relief, but here he must tread softly so that he may appear to offer the farmers something substantial, while avoiding any possible conflict with Coolidge on the veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill. Higher tariffs and the St. Lawrence waterway will do nicely. On prohibition, the candidate must say just enough to win the loyalty of the drys, but not enough to prevent him from being represented as innocuous to the wets in the East.

The campaign against Smith on the religious, liquor and personal grounds may safely be left to outside organizations like the Ku Klux Klan, the W. C. T. U., the Anti-Saloon League, and certain Protestant denominations. Since this campaign is full of dynamite in respect of its offense to those unsympathetic with these forces, it must be localized as much as possible where it will do the most good and the least harm; the candidate and the party organization must have no overt connection with it; and general expressions of tolerance may be allowed, so long as they do not really check the underground propaganda.

Mr. Hoover has proved himself admirably suited to this strategy. His one doubtful move in the program was to reply to Smith's challenges on water power, prohibition and farm relief by the general indictment of "state socialism." This may have alienated some needed progressives who were for him on other issues. On the whole, however, he has succeeded in identifying himself with those satisfied with the record of the previous administration; he has allowed his effulgence as a universal expert and humanitarian to irradiate the landscape; and he has maintained a reputation for broad-minded tolerance without squelching the activities of the intolerant; while he has made fewer commitments on specific programs than any candidate within our memory.

The Democratic strategist, on the other hand, must have reasoned that the opportunity to win involved an almost desperate chance. Nothing was to be gained by a safe and sane, colorless campaign. The performance of the chief candidate as a vote-getter in the past was the chief ground for hope. On that ground, his qualities of leadership must be allowed free play. And what had accounted for

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his success? "Personality," perhaps, but personality was more than a winning smile in this case; it was a character built upon courage, discernment, plain speaking, the methods of a politician who is not afraid to tackle pressing issues and to take the voters into his confidence concerning them. What were the issues upon which the most persons might be dissatisfied with the present state of affairs? Prohibition and farm relief were undoubtedly outstanding. To allow the candidate to state in detail his positions upon them involved a risk, certainly; but no risk, no gain. The next important group who were dissatisfied were the progressives, whose chief issue for the moment was water power and the fight against the power trust. This group was also interested in the advancement of the labor movement, the curbing of anti-labor injunctions, and like issues. Miraculously, the record of the candidate as Governor of his own state was such that if he extended his established policies on these issues to the national field, he would be in almost perfect agreement with the progressives. And if the La Follette vote were added to the Davis vote, plus such adherents as might be won by anti-prohibition in the East, victory would be in sight.

The dangers of the campaign to the Democratic candidate, this strategist would see as clearly as the Republican. Somehow the religious and personal prejudices must be neutralized. Somehow the fear must be allayed that the Democrats would injure prosperity. The first objective might perhaps be accomplished by bringing the prejudice into the light and allowing the natural revulsion to bury it. The second might be offset by an iron-clad pledge not to revise the tariff downward, and by the adherence of big business men like Mr. Raskob. But the chief weapon against both was the same as the weapon against the general Republican espousal of inertia and vagueness. It was a courageous attack on specific issues, complete candor in discussing them, challenge to the opposition to debate them. In this way the public mind might be concentrated on positive rather than negative considerations.

Governor Smith, like Mr. Hoover, has admirably carried out the strategy which we imagine to have been laid out for him. His chief failure is to tempt his enemy to a direct engagement; he has had to be satisfied, for the most part, with an exchange of shots with big but secondary batteries, like those of Borah and Hughes, rather than with the flagship of the Republican fleet.

It may easily be, of course, that no such cold-blooded strategy was laid down by master minds on either side. Incalculable forces play a part in these matters, like habit, prejudice, personal failures and competences, even accident. But to imagine such strategy is a useful device for assessing the campaigns as wholes. It gives us a basis for determining their values. It so happens, then, whatever the motives behind the activities of the candidates, that there is a vast difference in the significance of what support they have respectively aroused. The effectiveness of the Hoover campaign, in so far as it is effective, is compounded of conservatism, aversion to change, evasion of particular proposals, blind trust in an individual supposed to be (without the test of any application to present issues) supremely able. How many have you not heard say that, though they disagreed with Hoover on prohibition, or on water power, or on other issues, they would vote for him because he was a remarkably capable man, an "expert," a "trained mind"? Even President Angell of Yale is on record with such a statement. Such commentators forget that the world is full of "experts" and "trained minds" who, outside of their special competences, foozle and fumble. By any political test except that of cynical practical politics, Mr. Hoover has fumbled his campaign. On the contrary, the condition of Smith's possible success is his ability to exercise leadership in solving problems whose solution may be advanced by political processes. In so far as he has succeeded in convincing people that the issues of which he speaks are of importance—and are of more importance than his religion or his accent or the superstition that only Republicans can safeguard prosperity—and in so far as he has aroused their support for the projects he recommends, he will have won votes. This is in itself an exercise in political competence. It is a demonstration of a special type of expertness which is highly pertinent to skillful political administration. Practical politics and socially valuable politics are, in his case, almost indistinguishable. No matter who wins, the contribution of the Smith campaign to national sanity will have been tremendous.

Progressives and Socialists

ANY progressive voter who may still be hesitating between voting for Smith and voting for Thomas may be interested in a restatement, in view of the progress of the campaign to date, of the New Republic's reasons for believing that it is more important to do what is possible toward the election of the Democrat than to swell the Socialist vote in the hope that this third party may some time develop into a power in the state.

To a Socialist, who has been a party member for years, and has believed that his organization is destined to be eventually dominant, it no doubt seems absurd to rely upon a man like Smith to carry out any large part of the Socialist program, and it looks almost like treason for a person interested in the formation of a labor party to do anything which may help restore the vitality of one of the old political machines. The New Republic has no quarrel with these attitudes. Smith is, truly, far from being an adherent of Socialist philosophy—or, indeed, of any other unitary and thoroughly logical view of the function of government. And if it were sound reasoning to suppose that the Socialist party is the

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germ which will grow by a process of accretion into the farmer-labor-independent party of progressive principles which we have hoped to see born in previous campaigns, then there would be nothing for the New Republic to do but to urge voting for Thomas, irrespective of the relative merits of the other candidates. The reason we have not done so is because we do not share either the Socialist political philosophy or the Socialist assumption as to the manner of birth of an important new party in the United States.

The future of industry and government is too complex to be laid out in pretty, logical lines according to any preconception, whether radical or conservative. The ultimately important thing is to create an array of political groupings which will correspond closely with the interests of the members of the groups, and to implement these bodies with an understanding of current issues and a fruitful method of attacking them. The working of machinery of this sort may lead to political Socialism, or it may not. It may lead, for instance, to national and state ownership of hydro-electric power plants, but to quite a different means of ordering distribution of electricity. Its attack on national problems is bound to be piecemeal, realistic and experimental, in so far as it makes any headway at all in solving those problems. This sort of thing is what we understand by progressivism—not a magnificently loyal adherence to some ready-made set of comprehensive principles. Nothing could more aptly illustrate the sort of Socialist thinking which we do not share than Norman Thomas' assumption that there was something insincere or unprogressive about the practical differentiation made by Governor Smith between government ownership and operation of hydro-electric sites already publicly owned, and government ownership of the railroads. The latter policy may, indeed, prove to be desirable, but one principle cannot be automatically extended to cover both situations.

We do not look upon Governor Smith as a political superman who can overnight change the outlook and composition of the Democratic party. Nevertheless, he is the outstanding politician of his day who exemplifies—and does so with great success—what we conceive to be the progressive method. He attacks concrete issues of importance. He digs, and gets others to assist him in digging, until he arrives at the basic facts of these issues. He devises a policy adapted to the specific problem, and explains it in words no one can fail to understand. He arouses support on the basis of his policies, and thus converts the electorate into an instrument for helping him carry them out. It is true that his policies are not all-inclusive. It is true that he sticks to a very few issues at a time. But that is the condition of his political success in creating an opportunity to do anything at all. The fact that Smith uses these methods so well is a fact which cannot help vitalizing politics as long as he is a protagonist. It must eventually vitalize the political methods of those opposed to him as well as of those in his own party.

The progress of the present campaign is a striking illustration of the ferment which his presence in the public arena insures. The enormous registrations, the lively interest being taken on all sides in the campaign, the many shifts from one party to another, are no doubt partly due to the accident of his being a Catholic, and partly due to the intense personal likes and dislikes which people seem to conceive for the Democratic candidate. But we believe they are in far larger measure due to the fact that he has imparted a reality to political processes which make people feel they are no longer a sham. Interest of this sort in public issues is the first essential for the creation of any new political alignment.

If Smith should be elected President, it is already certain that the composition of the Democratic party would be greatly changed—at least as far as the rank and file are concerned. There is, we believe, a fair chance that Smith's progressivism would lead to further sorting out, not only of voters but of leaders. No one can predict the result. But whether the Democratic party, by a change of composition and outlook, should become a real alternative to Republicanism, or whether the ferment of ideas introduced into politics by Smith's activities should lead to schisms and rearrangements of the party machines themselves, it is a great advantage to inject into the national life his type of leadership.

Socialists have ridiculed the New Republic for basing its preference so largely on a chance of this type. But nothing in practical life, and especially nothing in politics, is a certainty. It assuredly is not a certainty that the Socialist party can grow until it becomes an American counterpart of the British Labor party. There is something essentially absurd in a plea to voters who are not themselves either union members or farmers to join the American Socialist party and thus help to make it a labor party. The essential fact is that, for the present, neither organized workers nor organized farmers are affiliated with it. On the contrary, it is for the moment somewhat overbalanced with "intellectuals." It has a useful function to fulfill as a party of agitation and protest. But it is not likely to become a real and powerful party of workers unless some crisis brings them in large numbers, and in their organized capacity, to its support. We can see no sign of such an upheaval in the near future. Certainly there will be many progressives who, like the New Republic, will in all reason prefer to wait for a more strategic moment before considering whether they should throw in their lot with such a party as might count the Socialists among its constituents.

It is now important for labor to strengthen itself on the economic field. It is important to keep great interests like those of the power industry from en-

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trenching themselves still more firmly in the public domain. It is important to build the economic and political power of organized farmers. It is important to work toward a more stable settlement of the prohibition issue, which obstructs the public mind and stands in the way of political progress of all sorts. The opportunity to elect Smith is a real opportunity to forward these immediately necessary objectives. No amount of Socialist invective against Raskob and other business men who are allied with Smith, and no amount of justifiable attack on the past record of the Democratic machine, can gainsay this fact. While waiting for a possible opportunity to take a longer step in advance, there will be many progressives who will prefer making these short steps rather than casting a vote which can only be an intellectual gesture, or an act of not clearly justified faith.

Vanzetti Was Innocent

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI was innocent of at least one of the two crimes for which he was tried and found guilty. This fact is shown, in a manner to satisfy any reasonable human being, by the investigation conducted over a period of months by The Outlook, of New York, the results of which were made public on Monday of this week. The Outlook publishes an affidavit from one of the men who participated in the crime, an affidavit from the man who planned it though he was not present, and supplementary articles by its own investigators who checked these statements and found them accurate in every respect.

It will be remembered that when Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested, they were charged with two crimes. One of these was a successful robbery and double murder at South Braintree; the other was an unsuccessful attempt at robbery, in which no individual was harmed, at Bridgewater. Sacco had an invincible alibi as to the Bridgewater crime, and was tried only on the South Braintree charge. For some reason, although a trial for murder was hanging over Vanzetti, the authorities decided to postpone this and try him first on the lesser indictment. This they did, and he was found guilty and sentenced to twelve to fifteen years in the state prison. Then he was tried again, this time with Sacco, before the same judge and by the same prosecuting attorney, though, of course, with a different jury. Both defendants were found guilty, and after the process of appeal had been exhausted, were executed, as the whole world knows.

Vanzetti's previous conviction in the Bridgewater case undoubtedly was a vital factor in bringing about the verdict of guilty in the South Braintree case. When he was on trial with Sacco, everyone who had anything to do with the proceedings, including most if not all of the jury, was aware that he had been found guilty of another and similar offense. The previous conviction destroyed for most persons the presumption of innocence which he would otherwise have had, and substituted a presumption of guilt. The Bridgewater conviction played an even more important part with Governor Fuller and his advisory committee when, in 1927, they undertook to review the whole history of the case. Says Governor Fuller in his official decision: "The next question and the most vital question of all, is that of the guilt or innocence of the accused. In this connection I reviewed the Bridgewater attempted hold-up for which Vanzetti had previously been tried before another jury and found guilty. At this trial Vanzetti did not take the stand in his own defense. He waived the privilege of telling his own story to the jury and did not subject himself to cross-examination.

"Investigating this case, I talked to the counsel for Vanzetti at the Plymouth trial [the Bridgewater case], the jurymen, the trial witnesses, new witnesses, present counsel and Vanzetti. I have talked with the government witnesses who saw the Bridgewater hold-up and who identified Vanzetti, and I believe their testimony to be substantially correct.

"I believe with the jury that Vanzetti was guilty and that his trial was fair. I found nothing unusual about this case except, as noted above, that Vanzetti did not testify. In the Bridgewater case, practically everyone who witnessed the attempted hold-up and who could have identified the bandits, identified Vanzetti."

The advisory committee, President A. Lawrence Lowell, Judge Robert Grant and President S. W. Stratton, also considered the Bridgewater case. They said of Vanzetti's actions when arrested: "On the other hand, all these actions may be accounted for by consciousness of guilt of the attempted robbery and murder at Bridgewater, of which he has been convicted. . . .

"It has been urged that a crime of this kind [the South Braintree crime] must have been committed by professionals, and [that] it is for well known criminal gangs that one must look; but to the committee, both this crime and the one at Bridgewater do not seem to bear the marks of professionals, but of men inexpert in such crimes."

But the Governor and his Committee were wrong. Vanzetti had nothing to do with the Bridgewater crime which was instrumental in sending him to his death. The Outlook, with an enterprise which commands the warmest admiration, has succeeded in finding one of the participants in the Bridgewater affair, and it publishes, as we have said, a sworn affidavit from him telling the entire story of the affair. Those concerned were this individual, named Frank Silva, Joseph San Marco, "Doggy" Bruno, and "Guinea" Oates. Vanzetti was not a member of the party, and Silva testifies that he was unknown to the underworld of Boston.

The Outlook also publishes an affidavit from James Mede, the man who planned the crime long

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before it was committed, though he did not participate in it. Mede afterward met San Marco, when both were in prison for other offenses, and San Marco described the Bridgewater affair in detail, his account agreeing with that of Silva. By way of further corroboration, Silva went in an automobile with representatives of The Outlook from Boston to Bridgewater and rehearsed the robbery in all its details. He described with accuracy aspects of the affair which were never published in the press and could only have been known to a participant or one who faithfully attended the sessions of the Vanzetti trial. He also showed an accurate knowledge of physical conditions in the streets of Bridgewater at the time of the robbery, some of which had been altered immediately thereafter.

The statement by Mede reveals the fact that he was urged at various times by the attorneys for Vanzetti to tell what he knew. For years he refused to do so because he did not wish to incur the wrath of the state officials, who, he believed, did not want their case against Vanzetti upset. At first he was seeking to get a parole, and afterward he feared his parole would be cancelled. Finally, however, only a short time before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, he consented to go to Governor Fuller, and told him the whole story. Governor Fuller seems to have altogether disregarded this vitally important statement. Mede afterward, but still before the execution, tried to tell his story again, to Captain Blye of the Massachusetts State Police, and the Captain, after learning with what it had to do, *refused to hear him.*

Another point, of less importance, but still serious enough, is made by The Outlook against Governor Fuller. As those who followed the case may remember, the Governor made much of the fact that there was no documentary evidence in support of Vanzetti's alibi, which was that he spent the day of the Bridgewater hold-up in selling eels to his Italian customers in North Plymouth. Twenty witnesses testified to this effect at the trial, but the jury disregarded them, presumably on the grounds that they were foreigners, and, therefore, not credible, that foreigners will always stick together, and that so many people had no business buying eels on the same day. (To eat eels at Christmas time is an old Italian custom.) It is now revealed that an important document exists which supports Vanzetti's alibi—the receipt from the American Express Company, showing that a barrel of eels was shipped to him on the day he said, December 20. This document was unearthed by the defense attorneys before the executions. It was handed to the Governor's personal attorney in the anteroom of Mr. Fuller's office, its character and importance were explained to him, and he gave assurance that it would be brought to the attention of the Governor and of the Lowell Committee. Yet in neither the Committee's report nor that of the Governor himself is there any mention of this vital piece of evidence. Repeatedly, since then, Governor Fuller has been asked why he omitted mention of the express receipt in his review of the case. He has never replied.

What does he say to the Silva confession? His answer, made this week through his secretary, is what was to be expected from a man of his stamp. He states that "he is not any more impressed with this confession than he was with the confession of Madeiros." Madeiros, it will be remembered, confessed that the Morelli gang, of which he was one, committed the South Braintree crime for which Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. Those who know most about the case, and who are mentally competent to judge the value of testimony, attached and still attach great importance to the Madeiros confession. Governor Fuller waved it aside as he now does the Silva affidavit. There is nothing surprising in this. Only men of the most stubborn and dogmatic turn of mind would ever have accepted the responsibility assumed by President Lowell and himself, or have acted as they did. Today these men, the other members of the advisory committee and the various state officials chiefly concerned in the trial and execution of those who may now be described as almost certainly two innocent victims, have a vested interest in maintaining the view that Sacco and Vanzetti had a fair trial and were guilty. If Governor Fuller were to admit that these men were innocent, he would need to confess to himself that he had been guilty of a terrible piece of folly which had not only cost the lives of two men, but had done more harm to the reputation of American justice, had cost more bitter passion, than anything else of this generation. He would need to confess a degree of mental incompetence in himself which would not permit him to continue to hold high public office. His career would lie shattered at his feet. It is no wonder, therefore, that he sends word through a messenger that he is "not interested" in evidence which seems to show that in the greatest crisis which has come to any American Governor within memory, he abjectly and miserably failed.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1928, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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The Education of Al Smith

DESPITE the dynamic and emotion-laden issues of the present political campaign, the choice of the electorate will without doubt be determined by personality preferences. Or, to be more judicious, personality preferences will in this case rise to such importance as to weigh at least equally with party allegiance and private interest. In 1924 there were no issues, and the two candidates, Davis and Coolidge, represented no distinct personality differences. Consequently, the result was determined by inertia. In 1928 there are acute issues which, happily, cut across party lines. Religion, prohibition, farm relief, and the control of natural resources represent issues which are sure to scramble our political eggs. Preliminary polls already indicate a divergence from strict party lines which exceeds that of any recent presidential election. In other words, this promises to be an election which cannot be counted in advance—a fact which the professional gamblers appear to have admitted.

Every argument among citizens possessing sufficient independence to vote according to their convictions comes eventually to this question: Do you, or do you not, prefer Smith's or Hoover's personality? At first glance this seems to be an innocent and simple query, but it is, as a matter of fact, fundamental and extremely subtle. In its essence it is comparable to the question frequently asked of those who contend for greater opportunities for Negroes: Would you, then, want *your* daughter to marry a Negro? These are tricky questions which appear to be stating a specific case when in reality they conceal the most dangerous of generalizations. What, for example, is meant by the term "personality"? How are our personality preferences determined? What values do we bring into play when judging personalities? By what means do we take account of the blind spots caused by our economic interests and our social ambitions, when engaged in the procedure of preferring one personality as against another? Is our reaction to a given personality reflective, independent, and analytical, or is it merely a mass reaction dictated by a local setting or social pressure? The person who is willing to apply questions of this sort to his personality preferences may arrive at intelligent and valid choices. Those who refuse such tests should substitute the word "prejudice" for personality.

Among those respectable persons who seem to demand the right to judge the personalities of others without examining their own, the chief item of condemnation directed toward candidate Smith is his lack of education. What they mean is not, of course, wisdom, but the formal sign of learning. Al Smith is not a college man; he wears no degrees, save honorary ones bestowed upon him—in token of his wisdom. He uses slang; he speaks with an East Side accent; and he pronounces certain words in a strange manner. Think of the shock to American respectability to have a President, and in the White House even—the White House is always added as if it were the citadel of higher learning—who might say "boloney" to a foreign diplomat! Where, they ask you haughtily, would the proud United States be then?

The use of language is important in politics and government as elsewhere. And the pertinent question to be asked regarding language is this: Does it make meaning clear? Does Mr. Smith use words to cover up his meaning, or does he use words to make clear his thought? When the photographer asked him to pose as a bricklayer and he replied, "That's boloney; everyone knows I'm not a bricklayer," was he using language which was intended to mislead, or was he expressing an attitude and a conviction which everyone could understand? In his recent speech at Omaha he attempted to present a simplified interpretation of the complex McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill. He succeeded; he made a clear-cut discrimination between the principle and the mechanics of the much-discussed and misunderstood bill; he then proceeded to state his belief in the principle and his doubt concerning the precise mechanics for its realization. All of this was clear, sound reasoning. No one else had been able to make so clarifying an analysis, although many had tried. He used words to cut through ambiguities and misapprehensions; the words were his; they were the necessary complements of his incisive thought.

But education goes deeper than the mere use of language. Education is integral to personality, not something added by instructors and books. Mr. Smith is the kind of educated person who would have delighted the heart of William James. He is the pragmatist in politics. His mind is not encumbered with *a priori* generalizations; on the contrary, he approaches every problem as if it were a new situation. And, although he expresses deference toward the specialized knowledge of experts, he relies ultimately upon his own resources; his orientation with respect to problems is always in terms of a consistent conception of his own personality. He is realistic, objective about himself, realizing at one and the same time his limitations and his powers. His critics, even his friendly ones, frequently wonder why he makes so few political mistakes. The answer is here: he knows himself, and his entire education proceeds from this point—the point recommended by Socrates long ago. And it is this

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self-awareness which makes him at home and acceptable to such surprising varieties of people. His personality is authentic, self-validating. But it is this very quality of personality which, appearing as it does irregularly, evokes dislike and suspicion. Mr. Smith is instinctively disliked by large numbers of respectable, conventional persons because his personality appears to them unitary, self-contained, without contradiction. No doubt he has his inner conflicts, but these are not apparent in the functional personality which is observable. The strictly conventional person gives preference to personalities which are either overtly contradictory and hence symbolize his own unresolved conflicts, or to personalities which, like his own, conform to all external patterns.

The effectiveness of Mr. Smith's education derives from its method. He learns, as Dr. John Dewey and all progressive educators say we should learn, by and through his experience. Consequently, all of his learning is cumulative. He is a more effective person today than he was ten years ago and, other things being equal, he will be still more effective ten years hence. There is nothing static in his educational method, no fixed point to arrest development; his learning is as fluid as experience itself. In addition to the progressive self-assurance which comes from this type of learning as distinguished from stereotyped, second-hand academic learning comes also the capacity to teach. Mr. Smith is not merely an educated person; he is an educator. His method enables him to touch off adult persons at the point of their vital experience. A noted university president took the pains to go some distance to hear Mr. Smith speak on water-power to a large audience of working-class people in the last state campaign. He addressed this audience for a period of two hours and at the close they had all participated in something like a real educational experience. The university president, although attached to the opposition political party, came away with enthusiasm and admiration for Smith as educator. His (Smith's) main contribution to the present campaign thus far has been educative; he has interested an apathetic public in political questions; he has brought those questions down to discussable terms; he has, in short, humanized politics, made of it once more a warm, lively enterprise, instead of the deadly, prearranged, machine-like system it seemed destined to become.

It were folly not to admit the shortcomings of an education such as Mr. Smith possesses. He would, admittedly, be a more effective personality if he knew more about history, literature, science, and the arts. These tools and ornaments of education would enrich, round out, and materially supplement his native equipment and his experiential learning process. But whether or not these acquisitions would enable him to become a better leader for contemporary American politics is an open question. In evaluating Mr. Smith's personality it becomes essential to remain close to the situation under discussion. The question is: Does Alfred E. Smith possess the kind of education which would make him an effective President of the United States? Secondary considerations confuse the issue; whether he would be a scholar, a great legalist, or an efficiency engineer—these are irrelevant questions. Mr. Smith is a specialist in governmental administration. His education has been derived from this context and the great bulk of his training has been pointed in this direction. To insist that he is an uneducated person in view of the task to which his education would be applied in the presidency is either sheer nonsense or frenzied snobbery.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Why I Am for Smith

MY REASONS for voting for Governor Smith for President are not, politically speaking, either profound or far-reaching. I mention this fact at the outset because it has definite bearing on the reason why I am voting for him, namely, because I think his election—and even his campaign if he is not elected—will have a humanizing *social* effect. It is too much to hope that it will eliminate the hypocrisies and humbugs which occupy so much space in our American social life today, but I am confident it will reduce these abnormal swellings. If I had any special confidence in what can be accomplished by any party, with reference to our specifically political needs, I should vote for Norman Thomas, because I think those needs are connected with a much more fundamental facing of the issues of economic reconstruction than we shall obtain from the Democratic party under any conceivable circumstances. But the American people is not ripe to meet this question. Although I wish more power to the campaign of the Socialist party in whatever it may accomplish in preparing the way for this degree of social maturity, the immediate need, as I see it, is to affect the general temper of social discussion among us, and in the direction of introducing some degree of frankness and of humane sympathy. So I shall mention, briefly, some directions in which I think the campaign of Governor Smith—and his election if that should occur—will have this result.

1. I do not regard the final issue of prohibition of manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors as set-

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tled; I believe that in the end, in this particular regard, social welfare is more important than what is called "personal liberty"; and I see no reason to believe that that issue is finally closed. But the present situation is an intolerable one, and perhaps its most intolerable phase is the hypocrisy, political and moral, that has gathered about it. Al Smith has brought the matter into the open; he has destroyed the atmosphere of secrecy and insincerity that surrounded it; it cannot again be relegated to the hush-hush closet. From sheer gratitude for this clearing of a most poisonous atmosphere—which the Republican party and Mr. Hoover are both breathing and perpetuating—I shall vote for Mr. Smith.

2. The same kind of considerations apply to the question of bigotry and intolerance. That much American sentiment is about as dishonestly insincere in this matter as on the question of liquor, the present campaign is making clear, even if ordinary observation had not made it previously manifest. It is a dreadful thing to have injected into politics what by some perversion of speech is called "religion"; but since there is in our social and intellectual life so much narrow bigotry, it can have only a wholesome effect to get it into the open. The lie contained in it, in its denial of our professed social ideals, will never be dealt with till the issue comes into the open air of publicity.

3. While, as I have already said, I do not expect much in the way of facing fundamental issues from the Democratic party, Mr. Smith's record as Governor is proof of the fact that a humane and sympathetic spirit will at least color their treatment as far as his influence can extend. Administrator for administrator, he is at least the equal of Mr. Hoover, and his extraordinary administrative abilities are as much controlled by a human sense of his fellow beings as Mr. Hoover's are by a hard "efficiency" which works out to strengthen the position of just those economic interests that most need weakening instead of strengthening. I can hardly think of any insincerity greater, whether it is calculated or unconscious, than is involved in the attempt to "sell" Mr. Hoover to the women of the country as a great humanitarian. That he is an efficient administrator of charity and semi-philanthropy in times of emergencies I shall not question. But if he has any human insight, dictated by consciousness of social needs, into the policies called for by the day-to-day life of his fellow human beings, either in domestic or international affairs, I have never seen the signs of it. His whole creed of complacent capitalistic individualism and of the right and duty of economic success commits him to the continuation of that hypocritical religion of "prosperity" which is, in my judgment, the greatest force that exists at present in maintaining the unrealities of our social tone and temper.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Third Degree

THE gruelling "third degree," though many detective stories are written around it, is still a mystery to the general public, and in fact to everyone outside the police departments and the prisons. The officers of the law usually deny that any such torture exists; yet it has become the standard defense of criminals to charge the police with having beaten "confessions" out of them. Somewhere between the two statements lies the truth.

The New York Bar Association has for many months been quietly gathering ammunition for a barrage against the police, based on this practice. It says that brutality toward the prisoners is flagrant—and its members ought to know. As a remedy, the Association would do away altogether with the cross-examination of prisoners by the police. By putting the prisoner, immediately after his arrest, into the hands of people duly authorized to interrogate him, such as magistrates and prosecuting attorneys, the police would lose all opportunity to "beat something out of him."

The Association lacks the official power, however, to do anything except to protest. This they have done in a report to the Crime Commission. Because the latter is the only impartial body which has the official right to subpœna witnesses, and has access to all records, it was suggested that it should formally investigate the charges of police brutality. So far, no definite steps have been taken either by the Crime Commission or the Police Department to answer the Bar Association's complaint.

It is a significant fact that of the thirteen men on the Association Committee which looked into the matter, three are former United States Attorneys for New York, three are former District Attorneys, one is a District Attorney at the present time and one is an ex-Governor. These are the men who say in their report that "from our aggregate experience and from such information as we have been able to acquire in our study of present conditions, we are of the opinion that many of these accusations are well founded."

A recent case in which it was charged that the prisoner was intimidated into making a confession was that of Robert Weiner, accused of throwing the guns over the wall of the Tombs in the notorious outbreak of November, 1926, in which a warden and a keeper were killed. Weiner was convicted and held in the death house at Sing Sing for thirteen months on a "confession" which he

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says was beaten out of him, and which he says was pure fiction. Not long ago, the Court of Appeals reversed his conviction, saying the state had not offered sufficient evidence to sustain its charge.

One of the prison wardens who put Weiner in his cell immediately after he had been "grilled" admitted to seeing scratches on his face and blood on his shirt. Weiner himself testified that the District Attorney, to whom he was brought after the police had finished with him, also saw these scratches and blood stains. At this juncture in the trial, however, the District Attorney jumped up and objected, saying, "How does he know I can see?"

This is Weiner's description of the beating.

> I was up against the wall corner. I covered my waist and I would get it in the head. I covered my head and got it in the ribs. I covered my ribs and got it in the stomach . . . this continued incessantly for ten minutes and I pleading with him [the detective], begging him to no avail to stop.
>
> Question: Who did that to you?
>
> Answer: Detective Beck.
>
> Anybody else there?
>
> About five others.
>
> How many of them struck you?
>
> All of them took a shot at me. . . . He [the detective] says, "Now listen, we will kill you here if you don't talk. I'm giving you a chance to talk." And I said, "Harry, I don't know anything about this. I swear I don't know anything about it. If you want me to make up a story, tell me whatever you want me to say, and I will say it and not get another beating." With that he pulled a tuft of hair out of my head. . . .
>
> Beck pulled that hair out of my head and went right at me with his finger and tried to force it in my mouth. I clenched my teeth and he ripped the skin inside of my lips—with a blackjack he started at me and my cheek bones was all swelling up and one of the detectives with his fist broke my nose right here across the bridge, it was swollen and the others were poking at me in the ribs and one detective had his hand on the wall and his shoulders up on another detective and I was up against the wall with his foot this way in my breast . . . one of the detectives took me this way [indicating] and started to choke me like a noose, so he made it tighter I could not inhale. . . . I can't say how long it lasted . . . they led me over to a sink . . . to wipe the blood off my face and lips. . . .
>
> Detective Beck started interrogating me again and I did not know what to tell him. I said, "Anything you want me to say. . . . Say it and I will say it." . . .
>
> You say you wiped the blood off the sleeve? . . . Show us where that is?
>
> [The shirt worn by the prisoner during the alleged beating was offered in evidence.]
>
> [Weiner indicates] This blood oozing down from my face and nose in the front. There going through the blood. . . . That is what Mr. District Attorney Brothers saw and Mr. Pecora. . . .

This is where the District Attorney jumped up, indignant at being accused of "seeing anything." The Judge sustained his objection to this part of the testimony. Weiner testified further that three separate beatings were administered him, with intervals of about four minutes between them, before he finally "confessed." Throughout this "work-out" by the police, Weiner says he repeatedly asked the detective to frame a confession for him, and so have done with him. The last beating took place in the cellar with rubber hose and bicycle tires, according to the testimony.

> I was bleeding awfully. I don't know anything then that went on when Detective Beck came over then and he said, "You son of ———, you threw them over the wall, you threw them over the wall," and I said, "All right I threw them over the wall."
>
> He walked over to the detectives and said, "All right, boys, he confessed." He walked over and gave me a cigarette politely and took me under the arm and walks me upstairs courteously and he said, "Whatever the boss asks you say, say so, or we will take you back and kill you," and I said, "Beck, anything you say, I will say." That is all I know.

District Attorney Joab Banton says he has installed a camera and invited all prisoners who charge they have been beaten to have their wounds photographed, but that no prisoner has yet availed himself of the invitation. He does not say whether the police notify their charges of this privilege. He admits that "the continental system of questioning the prisoner in open court is far superior to the system that prevails in England or the United States. An innocent person is not injured by this proceeding, but the crook does not escape."

Albert Cox, a Negro, died on November 30, 1927, in the prison ward of Bellevue Hospital, New York City, from an injury to the stomach. Before his death he charged that a policeman kicked him in the stomach while administering the third degree. He was examined by Dr. Mortimer Bonner of the Beekman Street Hospital, who said that Cox was suffering from "surgical abdomen," probably caused by a blow. No such record of his injury was found in the superintendent's office at Bellevue. But in this, as in other such cases, the authorities start an investigation but soon the matter dies down. The excuse is usually "lack of evidence." After all, it is hard to punish one's own subordinates for overzealousness.

Almost all of the authorities in this field agree that the trouble is not so much with the laws as with their abuse by detectives and patrolmen. Lacking the mental powers necessary to establish a case against a prisoner, they use brute force.

How pressure is brought to bear is shown in the case of Leroy Leaks, a Negro. Leaks was arrested while standing on the sidewalk in New York City talking to a woman, and was charged with shooting a grocer named Joseph Poricker. The evidence on which the arrest was made was the

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testimony of another Negro, Richard Daly, an ex-convict. Leaks was handcuffed and his three-room apartment ransacked for weapons, which were not found. He was taken to the scene of the murder but denied ever having been there. An investigation disclosed that Leaks was in bed with the grippe under the doctor's care on the night of the killing. Yet he was kept in prison for three months.

Later, when Daly was himself imprisoned on a burglary charge, he said, "I'm safe in the Tombs now. Them dicks can't beat me any more and I'm going to tell the truth." He said that he had been arrested just prior to Leaks. He told his captors, two detectives, that a tall Negro known as "Blue" had killed the grocer. Daly says the detectives beat him until he agreed to make an identification of the murderer, with the promise that if he should do so, the charges against him would be dropped.

The detectives then took him in their car, and while cruising through Ninety-ninth Street, he pointed to Leaks, a six-foot Negro, whom he chose because Leaks resembled "Blue" in height.

One of the detectives confronted Leaks and when the astounded Negro denied that he was "Blue," Daly spoke up and said, "That's him. He done it. He done two bits with me in Sing Sing too." On this testimony Leaks was arrested, and held until Daly confessed that Leaks was not "Blue."

An investigation by District Attorney Brothers and by Mr. Clune, appointed to defend Leaks, disclosed that he enjoyed a spotless reputation and had never been arrested before. A reputable doctor swore that Leaks was under his care the night of the murder. Yet Leaks was kept in prison three months and then released, sans money, sans job, and with no way of supporting his wife and child. The detectives were not punished. There was "insufficient evidence on which to convict them."

In other parts of the country, the "third degree" is as bad or worse than it is in New York. About two and a half years ago, a Negro named Kier was arrested in Miami, Florida, on the charge of accosting a woman guest at the hotel where he was employed. Three detectives took Kier from police headquarters after his arrest, "to work on him." During this third degree Kier "inexplicably" died. A few months ago, the matter was suddenly revived. A grand jury was appointed which found the three detectives guilty of having killed Kier. It also found the Chief of Police, H. Leslie Quigg, guilty of aiding the detectives in concealing the crime. It was found that two more Negroes had been killed by members of the police department.

The atrocities committed in the mining sections by the "coal and iron police" are notorious. Former Governor Pinchot's investigation a few years ago into the methods used by the Pennsylvania police in arresting "suspects" in the strike areas revealed a situation reminiscent of the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition.

An aged Czech in Pennsylvania, who could not speak English, was jerked out of his tiny garden, where he was working one evening, and taken to police headquarters to act as a witness. No one knows what was done to the bewildered old man, but he was returned home the next day partially paralyzed. When notified that he would be called for another questioning, he stole away to the barn and committed suicide.

One striker who was a little too popular with his fellow workers was arrested for a murder that was committed the year before in a house where he was staying. The real criminal was understood to be known by the police but could not be apprehended. No arrests were made until a year after the crime, when the police decided to put this striker out of the way. He was arrested and charged with the murder. The following is his story, as told to Governor Pinchot's aides.

> The policeman suddenly said, "You hit that fellow with a club." I said, "No." "Yes, you did," he said back, and he grabbed both sides of my collar in his hands and then shoved me in a corner and pushed me many times against the wall. My head struck the wall many times. I was bruised about the back and sides the way he shoved me against the wall. McHugh [the detective] came in . . . and got to the right of the big fellow that was holding me and McHugh hit me in the jaw with his fist. It knocked me to my knees, but the big fellow held me. Then the big fellow held my arms straight and McHugh hit me under the arms and on my sides where there were no ribs. They hit me many times. My lip was bleeding and my body hurting all over where they hit me when they stretched my muscles.

This man was held in jail for a while as a suspect and then freed.

The third degree, of course, often defeats its own purpose. Any criminal who can prove to the Judge that a "confession" was beaten out of him, nullifies the "confession" and usually wins the sympathy of the jury.

A Chicago lawyer recently said that he had obtained twenty-six acquittals out of 130 murder cases. Ten of the twenty-six he certainly would not have won, he said, if he had not obtained statements that the police had treated the defendant brutally. A Portland attorney stated that he obtained the acquittal of a burglar caught red-handed, because a police officer admitted he had intimidated the accused with a revolver during a third degree. In another case, a prisoner claimed that he made a false confession because the detective threatened to prod out his eyes with a gardening fork. A search was made and the implement was found in the detective's office.

The New York Bar Association Committee suggests several remedies for the third degree. In the first place, they say prisoners should be arraigned immediately after their arrest, regardless of the

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hour. The law already provides for this, but since magistrates are not available at all hours, the prisoner is usually kept in the custody of the police and at their mercy until the arraignment—a length of time which may last from several hours to weeks. The problem of immediate arraignment would be simplified if there were one central magistrates' court for the purpose, where "lawful identification could be made each morning by members of the detective bureau of prisoners arrested on the previous day." As the situation now stands, it is during the detective's identification process that the alleged beatings take place. By taking the prisoner out of the hands of the police immediately after his arrest and forbidding them to cross-examine him, the Judge would automatically turn the suspect over to the proper prosecuting authorities, and leave the prisoner free to select counsel and start his defense without delay, as is his constitutional right.

In England the police are prohibited from cross-examining prisoners. Even if the accused makes a voluntary statement, he is not questioned except to clarify ambiguous sentences. Thus the police have nothing to do with the prisoner after his arrest, except to put him in the hands of the prosecuting attorney, and all excuse for "intimidating" him disappears. Clarence Darrow says the prisoner, before his arraignment, while in the hands of the police, is "like a rat in a cage. He is without counsel and surrounded by enemies who are there not to get the facts, but to trap him. The lawyer who gives first aid in such circumstances, when he can, always tells the prisoner not to talk, whether he is innocent or guilty. If we had in this country the civilization that they have in England, there would be no such thing as so-called 'statements' of this kind. But in this respect we have the civilization of the Indians who burned men at the stake."

HILDA AGELOFF.

Elmer Sees It Through

ELMER DURKIN, the garrulous newsdealer, was enjoying a visit from J. T. Riland of the Woppingtonian, and was treating the editor with the disrespect due to his position. The campaign now closing, Elmer held, had no relation whatever to the facts of life. The Republican appeal was based largely upon myths, legends, rumors and bedtime stories. It was 99.44 percent pure bunk.

"I know that," said Mr. Riland, who was often reasonable in private life. "The only issue that really counts is prosperity."

"That's perfectly oke with me, J. T. Suppose you and I could frame it so everybody who is sitting pretty next Saturday night throws in with Hoover. To give him a break we'll keep the ante low. Let's wish on him every voter that pulls down two grand or better per annual. Two thousand berries is not such important jack; you can't keep the wolf off the veranda for less than that. Where would Herby get off Tuesday night? Ask him, he slings a mean statistic. The best he could draw would be the raw end of a twenty-to-one score. He'd carry every state in the Union except forty-eight.

"What you bozos want the suckers to do is to make whoopee over somebody else's bank account. Oscar Binns gets a big kick out of the way Calvin cut income taxes, but Oscar wouldn't know a tax blank from a laundry ticket. Lester Quigley is another good customer. The poor old skate is all full of horseshoes if he's got eighty cents two hours after the ghost walks, so he blows in here and yammers about our marvelous prosperity. It hits him about as close as the mean annual rainfall of Patagonia. Quig heard once that workingmen wear silk shirts and he's never been the same guy since. A bird that would fall for that hooey would believe the label on a gin bottle."

"Some say the issue is prohibition."

"All right; I'll go to the mat with you on that. Let's give Alfred only the scofflaws that dally with the bootleg and the home brew and kick in for the cheaper cuts of spontaneous combustion. Would Al clean up, J. T.? I hope to tell you, and he'd get both houses of Congress on a platter.

"What I mean, prosperity and prohibition are a couple of things everybody preaches and nobody practises enough to hurt.

"No wonder you G. O. P.'s fall back on Protestantism; it's the only place you've got the edge. Sure I know the big cheeses hold up their mitts and spill glycerine weeps about religious freedom, but all the busy little bushleaguers are peddling the dirt about how the Pope is going to set up housekeeping across the alley from President Smith's joint.

"Coolidge economy is another nice flock of boloney. Al Smith broke through tackle and smeared that play, but it'll be with us till the whistle. They've run a peace cheaper than Wilson ran a war. All right; is that anything to broadcast on a forty-six-station hook-up? Eighty million people are pinching the nickels to help support your frugal administration.

"A guy can believe anything if he tries good and hard. You take Homer Graves out west of town. They don't come any finer than that hick. Homer has always worked hard, but he's never been better than sixty-two smackers ahead of the game. It's been seven and a half years since the Republicans invented joy, but no blessings have showered on Homer's bean. The high tariff has bought him nothing but sour news. Down cellar he's got as noble an experiment with grapes and apples as I ever poked my beezer into and he'll never be tapped for the W. C. T. U. He hasn't been anywhere near a church since Uncle Abner cashed in, so he's not bugs on religion. On form, Homer's got the makings of a perfect Alsmithian, but what name do I lamp on his flivver? Who but Hoover?

"Come Tuesday he'll drape his form in the other

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suit, crank up the wheezy old bus and plunk for prosperity, protection, prohibition, Protestantism and the freedom of the P's. He'll take it as per usual just north of the celluloid collar. Homer will slip them the cross in November and get the double cross in March."

"What could be fairer than that?" asked the editor.

"Not for Little Willie. When I want bedtime stories I can get them out of the little pink perils here. Al Smith is my dish. Maybe that's a bad break for him because I haven't been on the sweet end of the score since I helped Woodrow Wilson keep us out of war. If Smith cops I'll have to take easy lessons on tooting a tin horn."

"I wouldn't lose any sleep about that," said Mr. Riland.

"Don't be too chesty, J. T. They spotted Herbert seven million votes on the break, but he's staged a hammy show in the sticks and the big time. Nobody can dope this Smith lad; that's been tried. He might sweep the country, and then again he might not sweep anything but me and old Doc Horner. At that, I'd rather be sunk with Al than bunked with Herbert.

"Hoover and I used to hit it off sweet and chummy, but when he joined up with that Ohio crime wave he dumped all his ideals in the ash can. I'd sooner trail along with a guy that drops his g's than with one that drops his principles. After the calamity in Madison Square Cauliflower Garden any progressive that votes for H. H. deserves all he gets."

"Then," said the editor, "I suppose he'll have to get along without you, the way Harding and Coolidge did."

The newsdealer closed the campaign with the following bang:

"On Tuesday Elmer Durkin, in person, will ankle over to Jake Rothstein's suit foundry and shoot the works for the Happy Warrior."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

THE election itself will follow so closely on the heels of this piece that it would obviously be weak-minded to attempt anything in the nature of a forecast. The piece will be sufficiently weak-minded without that. As a matter of fact, political forecasting is one of the most futile and ridiculous things in the world anyway. If you happen to be right, no one ever gives you credit, and if you guess wrong, they never let you forget it. There is no way to win at that game. I know of only one man who ever accurately predicted the result of an election in which the betting odds and the general trend were not such as to make the outcome obvious. In his case, his whole subsequent career has been marred by the necessity for defending his reputation. All his colleagues whom he out-guessed in the one instance are organized to prove that it was a fluke and that, instead of being astute and far-seeing, he is a faker. Such being the fate of the successful forecaster, the only sensible thing seems to me to present a few simple, fundamental facts concerning the situation as it now exists, and let it go at that.

For example, it is incontestably true that the straw ballots, the betting odds and the overwhelming preponderance of favorable feeling for him among the larger representatives of the so-called business interests indicate the election of Herbert. Normally this is—or at least, is supposed to be—a dry, Protestant and Republican country. For the election of a wet, Catholic Democrat, the main essential would seem to be a split Republican party—split in some such way as in 1912. There are, in this campaign, defections and unrest among certain elements, and among the bolting Republicans are some men of considerable influence and importance. There is, however, no organized split—not even the sort that resulted in the La Follette third-party movement four years ago. This absence of division, this surface unity, is the basic reason for Republican confidence and for the general disposition to believe that the Hoover chances are overwhelmingly good. And it must be admitted that under normal conditions, with normal candidates and issues, these facts would be pretty convincing. It so happens that in this campaign there are fairly sound arguments that interfere with accepting the obvious deduction as conclusive. For one thing, there is the extraordinary contrast between the enthusiasm aroused by Smith and the lack of warmth about the Hoover campaign. For another, there are the facts that Smith has had infinitely the more effective newspaper support and vastly the advantage as to time allowance and opportunities over the radio, which in this campaign has played a part never played before. There is the further fact that the Smith arguments have been more forceful, his personality more appealing and his show far more interesting and diverting. And finally, the unprecedented size of the Democratic bankroll gives the Happy Warrior a better chance than any preceding Democratic standard bearer, except Wilson, has had in this generation.

It has also been impossible not to compare, to Smith's advantage, the flash, fire and fervor of his campaign and the dull, podgy performance put on by Herbert. This performance might, it is true, have been better if it had not been weighted down by the worst collection of campaign managers the country ever saw and by the poorest publicity ever put out in behalf of a presidential candidate of the party in power. It is true, too, that the Hoover style was somewhat crippled by the constant apprehensions caused by the unanimous and irrepressible Mabel, who, it may be said in passing, is going to have a sweet old time getting confirmed by the United States Senate, if, as and when she is appointed a federal Judge. All these things have combined to convince quite a number of relatively uninflamed persons that, despite the normal Republican advantage and the absence of any split, there is in reality a strong undercurrent flowing toward Smith, a tide not touched by the straw ballots and one that will sweep him into the White House by carrying Republican strongholds heretofore considered impregnable. The whole framework

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upon which the belief in Republican success hangs is thus attacked. By some journalistic advocates of the Happy Warrior, the Literary Digest poll is assailed as inaccurate and misleading. By others, the betting odds are denounced as unjustified by the facts, and it is pointed out that the Wall Street betting fraternity strongly favored Hughes in 1916, though Wilson won. Still others insist that this is one election which will not be determined by the sheer weight of the Big Business interests, and that anyhow these interests are far from being as solidly behind the Republican candidate as in former years. And they add, what is undoubtedly true, that not many of those who are with him are enthusiastically with him, though what difference that makes it is hard to see. Finally, the claim is made, and with no little evidence to sustain it, that the racial groups are off the Republican reservation, that in addition to an agrarian revolt the trend Smithward of the Negroes, the Germans and the Swedes is uncheckable and strong.

The Republicans, of course, have apparently adequate answers for all these points. They point out that the Digest poll agrees with every other poll that has been taken, and with the judgment of most observers. The betting odds in 1916, they assert, did start out strongly in favor of Mr. Hughes, but reached even money before election day, and anyhow, Hughes carried practically every big Eastern state and lost the election on a fluke. As for the inability of Big Business to determine the result, the contention is that so far no man has been elected President in this generation who did not have the overwhelming weight of these interests behind him. Finally, as to the agrarian revolt and the defection of the racial groups, it is said that these groups are always "off the reservation" in a hot campaign—but not on election day.

So there you are. A convincing argument can be made on either side. It is easy to believe the one you want to. Stripped of all partisan claims and bias, however, the truth about the situation seems to be that, while the probabilities are that Mr. Hoover will be elected, for various and sundry reasons, chief among which are Smith's remarkable campaigning ability and the unprecedently opulent nature of the Democratic campaign fund, there exists a far greater doubt about the result than in either 1920 or 1924. In those campaigns the Republicans had the election "in the bag" before the ballots were counted. They haven't this year—not yet, at any rate. If there were nothing else to worry them, the enormous and extraordinary registration would be enough. In the face of such a registration as this all over the country—a registration indicating a vote of 40,000,000—every reasonably intelligent politician will admit some uncertainty.

But getting away from these purposely pussyfooting reflections of mine on the result, the most interesting piece of information that has come to Washington in a week is the word that, in the event of Herbert's election, that charming exponent of the higher life, Mr. C. Dewey Hilles, is to become Ambassador to Great Britain—in a word, to pluck the prize diplomatic plum. It is said to be all quite definitely arranged, but I have my doubts. It seems to me that I recall that Mr. Hilles—dear fellow that he is—was not at all helpful to Herbert in those anxious days preceding the Kansas City nomination. On the contrary, if memory serves, it was Mr. Hilles who, more than any other individual, kept the New York delegation away from Herbert, thus giving great aid and comfort to his enemies and making possible the bitter fight against him, much of the bitterness of which went over into the general campaign. The fact is that whether he acted on his own initiative or as the representative of others, Mr. Hilles made a giddy spectacle of himself in his pre-convention activities. Much as I hate to doubt the eminent gentlemen who bring word of the high honor that is to be bestowed upon him by Herbert—if Herbert has any honors to bestow—I am skeptical of this report. Herbert has, I am told, the well developed quality of sticking by his friends. Certainly he stuck by poor old Dr. Work, yielding to that utterly futile person's wish to be Chairman of the National Committee against his own desire and judgment. But he also has, so I am told, quite fixed feelings about those who have been particularly unfriendly to him. It may be that he has come to love Mr. Hilles, as so many do who know him, but I doubt it. Maybe the result of the election will make it unnecessary for Mr. Hilles to care whether he loves him or not. It is going to be a stupendous vote.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Gods of the Lightning

Gods of the Lightning, by Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson. Little Theater, October 24, 1928.

THE PLAY at the Little Theater is openly based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case; and for those in the audience who consider the picture a true one, the dramatic effect will be all the stronger by reason of this actuality. For those of a contrary view, "Gods of the Lightning," unless they are hopelessly obstructed by prejudice against it, must be a play of real and cumulative power, human appeal and often of a sheer writing talent that is rare in the theater.

As for the story of the five scenes that make up the play's three acts, I felt that the beginning faltered somewhat. Either because the writing was not scored enough or the speech of the players was so foreign or indistinct, I missed what must be the due weight on that first incident, when to old Suvorin sitting there in the Lyceum Restaurant, Pete comes for his share of the loot from one of their exploits. Further on in this scene the contrivance is still not so clear or firm as it might be. But presently we know that the strikers are meeting in the back room, that Macready is in love with Rosalie, Suvorin's daughter, and that he comes here to her to be rid of a pistol that the police have thrown into the car where he had been riding with his friends—the plot being to arrest them with the gun in their midst. He has leapt from the car and run here, she hides the pistol in the cash drawer. She breaks off with Macready when he refuses to keep out of the trouble. There is a detective posing as a friend and fellow anarchist. Capraro comes to say that the third man in the

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car with them has died of his wound, he was shot with the pistol that the police threw into the car. The scene ends with the arrest of Macready and Capraro.

From this on there is smooth sailing, so far as the plot goes. We see the district attorney in his office, in a bad humor because he knows he has no case but must convict the men nevertheless; for the whole business is a foregone conclusion, these disturbers must die. Various witnesses appear who have been forced to give false evidence, one of them the mother of a son from whom she wishes to hide some of her past; on the strength of that she has been blackmailed into swearing that she saw the murder from a window where that was impossible. We have the court scene next, the trial goes on, the jury is a solid mass of prejudice against the agitators; the judge upholds many points against the prosecution, you might think him justice itself. Gradually the whole case totters so far as the evidence goes, the witnesses retract their false testimony, and at last Suvorin appears, confesses himself a criminal, twice escaped, tells of being with the killer, since dead, in a hold-up and murder two months before. In sum, the entire evidence against Macready and Capraro is wiped out, even any circumstantial evidence; the conviction that follows and the death penalty are based wholly on the men's past as agitators—though neither has ever resorted to violence—and on the social needs of the moment. In the last act we are in the restaurant again, the people there speak of the parading in favor of a reprieve, of the Governor's promises, bluffs and so on. Rosalie has been to see him. At the last moment she supplicates heaven, rails, cries, the curtain descends on her agony.

As theater in the usual sense, "Gods of the Lightning" speaks for itself, as is clear even from so brief a recounting of its drift. It has a wide gallery of characters and types, a daring and vivid manner of writing, such as we have already seen from Maxwell Anderson in "Outside Looking In" and to various extents in "What Price Glory" and "The Buccaneer," where he was merged into so brilliant a combination with Laurence Stallings. It has theatrical suspense; the appeal of a trial scene; enough of a love motive; and a considerable richening of its texture, sometimes brutal, sometimes tender, biting or violent, sometimes fantastic, as in the mystic with his cabalistic signs. The acting is on the whole fair and sometimes good to the point of exhilaration and deep emotional response—Mr. Charles Bickford, for example. In the role of Macready he shows that spontaneity of effect, that curious accurate register of feeling and excitement, always brusquely stated, that fine time sense, and that natural magnetism that have marked all his work these three or four years past. Miss Sylvia Sidney, though too expensive, unruffled and undramatic in her several frocks, gives a good performance as Rosalie, and holds the last curtain very well; Mr. Horace Braham's Capraro finds the right note of sincerity and innocent-mindedness, if technically a little self-conscious still; and Mr. Leo Bulgakov, in a bad make-up, is admirable in the important part that old Suvorin has in the play. On the whole the casting of "Gods of the Lightning" is somewhat overtyped on the one hand, and on the other, somewhat under the technical level required. The characters are so backed by the actors themselves that you get the impression now and again of neither art nor life, acting nor being, not one and not the other, but rather of the actual characters trying to act themselves. In this there is something of artlessness that may be in its way moving and convincing, but in the end is bound to hurt the general and secure sum of the drama.

There are points about this occasion of "Gods of the Lightning" that must be notable enough and encouraging in the theater.

It is a male play, for one thing, a play that does not hang so fixedly on the theme of love and private relationships as so much modern drama, for three or four generations, has been led to do. The matter of this play allows for the element of love, but covers otherwise a robust and vivid field of men's daily lives and interests. The genuine poetic instinct working in the treatment of the material has given the whole a kind of passionate male substance that our drama greatly needs.

The love element is used, however, and wisely, not only for its popular appeal and persuasion, but for a reason profoundly right in this particular play; I mean the way in which at the end the note struck is of love and despair; which is a way of saying that in the last issue the case is one of common humanity, human needs, human ties, human rights, all simple and fundamental.

And an interesting thing about "Gods of the Lightning" is the way in which its particular kind of suspense harks back to the Greek use of it. Here is a drama whose conclusion and outcome you know when you enter the theater. You do the same with the "Elektra" of Sophocles. You know what Clytæmnestra's crime is, what her life is with Ægisthus, how Agamemnon's daughter, shamed and tortured, awaits her brother's return, how Orestes comes: you know Clytæmnestra's death, all the story. In "Gods of the Lightning" we already know the story from the incident that it presents, the trial and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. The dramatic suspense that ensues is of a high order. It is not the sort that hangs sharply on the mere outcome of the plot, the last moment when all tangles are cut. But it is a suspense built of degrees and shades in the development of the event and idea. This suspense is one of logic and gradation, the mind following an evolving pattern, not agonizing with curiosity or with delicious or thrilling impatience. We are enjoying not the taut string nor the trap to be sprung, but the workings of a developing fulfillment, the nuances of an intellectual and emotional design.

How well the motive is used of the doom the two men bring on themselves every time they open their mouths, Macready through his perception that he is condemned from the start and may as well, therefore, speak his mind, Capraro from the innocent purity of his nature and his simple sincerity! And with what skill the ground is removed from under the prosecution; until we come at last to the wave of pure hatred, fear and self-interest that is aroused to betray these two men, and are made to feel that the bleakest part of the tragedy is not the men's death, but the hidden foulness and ingrown disease that is aroused to destroy them. And in the end the victory and satisfaction of the pursuit is set against the whimper of a girl whose lover they have killed.

STARK YOUNG.

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Bootleggers

M. Loignon

FOR some reason, his house has a doormat on which appear a number and street other than his own; perhaps it is a sign to the cognoscenti. Sometimes M. Loignon lets you in himself; sometimes it is his wife, a thin, tall, scraggy woman like a bright-eyed crow, voluble and metallic. M. Loignon himself is short and rotund; he even tends to revolve when he walks, each leg correcting the other just in time. He has a big Humpty-Dumpty head, a forehead constantly wrinkled over the anxieties of his business, and behind his pince-nez one eye is turned in so far that it never observes anything but the pores of his own nose. He is a man who suffers much, and proclaims it. Every scene with him is an emotional battle.

If he recognizes you and lets you in, he greets you with an air of quiet but profound satisfaction that you have at last returned; and he ushers you into the parlor as if he were about to give you his daughter in marriage. When you ask what he has in stock, his manner shifts immediately: he becomes defensive, non-committal, excessively business-like, and he watches intently the effect of his announcements. With a sudden gesture of man to man, let's face the facts, he leads the way to his big cupboard. He groans as he searches for his key, rolling his good eye at you and hissing imprecations on the weather. With a wave of triumph, he throws open the cupboard doors, and stands amazed at the richness of the display.

He pretends that all his stock comes straight off a liner, though he will mention confidentially, if pressed, that for nearly everything except champagne he has a "domestic" grade. With enormous cunning he elicits from you the price you paid him on your last visit, and you will usually find that the price has now risen fifty cents. You do not transact business with him, you negotiate, and the whole affair is finally wound up, on his part, with the air of a statesman who is familiar with compromise. But it is only an air. His prices are outrageous.

Mr. Flit

Mr. Flit may not exist at all; no one, apparently, has ever seen him. He is a disembodied voice over the telephone, quiet, deferential, concise. When you call him up, though it may be for the first or the hundredth time, his voice never betrays any surprise, hesitation or suspicion. These conversations could not possibly be briefer: his part in them consists invariably of four words. You ask for Mr. Flit: he says, "Yes, sir"; you tell him what you want: he says, "All right."

It is well understood by Mr. Flit's clientele that he is an unusual bootlegger, a man to be treated with consideration, a type to be encouraged. He is prompt, efficient, obliging and ghostly, and has never yet, so far as is known, poisoned anybody.

Mr. Flit is a dealer in applejack, which he purveys in gallon lots. When you are tipped off to Mr. Flit by one of his clients, you are warned never to offend him by too direct speech. When you want a gallon of applejack, you must say, "Mr. Flit, I'd like *one,* please." This formula, which should never be allowed to vary, keeps your relations with Mr. Flit on that dignified and impersonal plane which he regards as indispensable to the proper conduct of his business. . . . Within half an hour after this colloquy, you will find a neatly wrapped parcel on your doorstep. Perhaps the bell will be discreetly rung. But no matter how quickly you hasten to the door, Mr. Flit himself will have vanished. He never waits to be paid; he never sends bills; with quiet confidence, he leaves all that to your conscience. Is it possible that he could be the driver of that rather shabby coupé which is just disappearing around the corner? It is only too possible, but you are unwilling to believe it. There is so little polite mystery in the year 1928.

Elias Toper

Elias' is a hard place to find, unless you have a good nose for country roads. But if you meet anybody on the way, he can always direct you, for everybody knows Elias in those parts. He is the Sheriff, and also, it is said, a prohibition-enforcement agent. His house, which was once a hotel, is a long, low building, with a pillared porch running along the front. In summertime, you will usually find him sitting on the porch, picking his teeth and staring gloomily off into space. In winter, he will be in the front parlor, with his feet on the stove, looking out of the window.

Elias is a tall, big-boned old man, with a dirty-white moustache, drooping mouth, and puzzled, bloodshot eyes. He turns a vague gaze at you as you approach.

"Do you remember me, Mr. Toper?"

Elias squints a little harder with his bloodshot old eyes, and his mouth sags lower. "Naw. Can't say's I do."

This would seem to be a deadlock, but not really. In a minute he heaves himself up out of his chair, and says, "Come inside, boys."

While the jugs are being filled, Elias presents you with a drink, and has one himself; then another. If he is feeling sentimental, he may show you the billiard-room emeritus, with an old-fashioned bar across one end, now piled high with dusty junk. Or he may take you out to look at his chickens. They are not doing so well this year.

"I dunno," he says heavily, "what's into them damn chickens. Nothin' don't seem to do 'em any good."

They are big chickens, Black Giants, but many of them are emaciated, and some of their bodies are almost bare of feathers. Looking at them, and then at Elias, as he stands there among them, you can't help wondering if the trouble with both is what they put into their stomachs.

O'Hara

O'Hara used to run a saloon before prohibition came in, and after prohibition he kept on running it. It has moved now, and has become just another speakeasy, but a few years ago it had a grand location—on a corner of Park Avenue, in the midst of the most expensive section. The

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little two-story red-brick saloon was so completely outclassed by its towering white stone neighbors that it was practically invisible. No one stopped you at the door when you went in, but night and day a man stood behind a curtain at the window, watching the street. If any suspicious character entered, the barkeeper immediately stopped serving drinks, and the atmosphere for a few minutes became electric. The barkeeper was a tall Dutchman, with pale hair, a perfectly white face, a long nose and two weasel eyes. He was a picture of suspicion, and he never smiled. O'Hara was a great contrast to him. He must have had his worries, too, but he rarely showed them. He was affable and free-and-easy, and mingled with his guests like a natural host. He had a good memory for faces, if not for names, and after you had been in two or three times, he treated you like an old friend. It was not just a professional pose with him, either; he enjoyed meeting people, and in that queer locality he met many types. He would discuss politics, philosophy or race-horses with equal picturesqueness. Very few things really annoyed him, but there was one young fellow who was always asking him questions about his past life; this irritated O'Hara, and he was once heard to complain to a friend: "If he didn't ask me so many goddam questions, I wouldn't have to tell him so many goddam lies."

T. S. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Thomas Sums Up

SIR: Not as a personal favor do I claim your space for a last-minute statement to liberals and progressives who are about to throw away their votes on the Democratic ticket. I am aware that some of them may be planning to vote for Hoover. But if that purpose has withstood his conduct of this campaign, his declarations on armament, tariffs, and private ownership of water power and his evasions of other matters, it arises from psychological reasons beyond my power to alter. Besides, in all probability these Hoover progressives will at least have the psychological satisfaction so dear to Americans of voting for the winner.

I address myself to those prospective Smith voters who are afraid of throwing away their votes by voting Socialist. I wish I might claim space to cite reasons born out of experience, for my high hopes of my party as the pioneer and teacher of that great political movement that is coming into being. We have been sadly impeded by the failure of many progressives to come to our aid at this psychological moment and by the failure of liberal papers adequately to understand or report our campaign. But that is water over the dam. In spite of it we are in good shape to push that intensive building in localities for which under American conditions a national campaign and a national movement are essential. We shall go forward whatever our vote, but, of course, every vote for us will count not only for its immediate effect on the victors, but for its help in the essential task of building a party which does not belong to big business, a party of ideas and ideals. In other words, you do not throw away your vote when you vote our ticket.

But if you vote Democratic! First, you'll almost certainly be on the losing side, and if your candidate should win you will lose. You will have to hire some theologian or liberal editor to explain why your Democratic vote doesn't mean what Raskob's or Frank Hague's does. Not since some of you started out to make the world safe for democracy through the World War have you undertaken anything so hopeless as the liberalization of the party of Hague and Tammany, of the Southern racial bigots and mill owners, of Davey of espionage-law fame and Raskob and his fellow industrialists and anti-union employers. It is to these men that Governor Smith will be indebted if he wins, and to them he will pay his debts.

You won't get beer legally, for the overwhelming mass of Democratic congressional candidates are politically—not otherwise—dry. You won't kill bigotry, for the Catholic Church is more solidly behind Smith than the Protestant is behind Hoover, and the Democratic appeal in the South is mostly to an appalling racial intolerance which Governor Smith has never rebuked.

You won't even be endorsing a man with a genuine progressive record. Whatever Governor Smith's virtues, there stands the other side: his part in the impeachment of Sulzer, his veto of laws to prevent election frauds, his evasion of his pledges to support the Child Labor Amendment, his choice of Walker, his utter failure to choose proper Public Service or Transit Commissioners, his shocking use of Commissioner Van Namee as campaign manager. In this campaign he has gone clear over to protection, he has outlined no comprehensive foreign policy, no complete program for unemployment, no concrete plan for dealing with the injunction evil, no plan for coal, no taxation program, no real or comprehensive program on public utilities. Did ever a candidate seek progressive support at so cheap a price?

Yet the New Republic, which most of the year takes a position adequately covered by the Socialist platform, not only does not support the Socialist ticket openly but, in spite of some good articles and editorials, has failed to discuss adequately the very issues it has made its own. For instance, to this day Governor Smith has not outlined a program on super-power as a whole and he has not told us whom he will appoint to make contracts to regulate transmitting companies which will handle power publicly developed at Muscle Shoals. His failure with his New York commissions makes this inquiry particularly appropriate. Yet the New Republic ignores, or almost ignores, this question. Nothing is more certain than that those of your readers who ignore it and questions like it on election day will throw away their votes.

New York City. NORMAN THOMAS.

Why He Is for Smith

SIR: When I read Paul H. Douglas' article, "Why I Am for Thomas," I was reminded of arguments we used to problems some fifty years ago. Our arguments were the same as Douglas'.

Most of us liberal and progressive citizens would gladly support a labor party, if only the progressive leaders of labor would get together and put up a united front. At present we have three labor parties. Why should they not be able to agree upon one set of candidates? While forming a solid phalanx for the election they could still, between elections, continue their sport of splitting hairs to their heart's content. The progressive leaders of labor cannot agree among themselves, not even temporarily, and still Mr. Douglas expects liberal and progressive citizens to be of one mind as to whom to support in the present election. Charity begins at home!

What became of the leaders of the United Labor party that elected Henry George mayor of New York in 1886, although he was counted out by Tammany? They all sold out, and Father McGlynn returned to the lap of his Church saying, *Pater peccavi.* How many independent, progressive, radical and what-not movements have we had since then? A numerous variety. The leaders who helped to break up the movement they themselves had initiated generally landed a fat job. Remember how many "Socialists" joined Woodrow Wilson and shouted for war? . . .

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I am going to vote for Smith, because I think his election would break up the strangle-hold Methodist-Baptist theocracy has upon our body politic. If some of the Southern states should flop to Hoover, so much the better. The Solid South is an anachronism and must be smashed. No, I am not a Catholic. The Catholic Church, being in a rather insignificant minority, is and must be on its good behavior. A majority of the American people are not affiliated with any Church. They all should unite and smash theocracy, the reactionary and intolerant theocracy now in power. If the Catholics, for reasons of their own, are with us in this fight, so much the better. . . .

GEORGE A. SEIBERT.

New York City.

Prohibition Knows No Religion

SIR: I have read with interest the article by Mr. Reinhold Niebuhr, "Protestantism and Prohibition," published in your issue of October 24, 1928.

It is surprising that the New Republic should admit to its columns such an ill-informed and prejudiced article.

Mr. Niebuhr's premise is that the Protestants in this country are for, and the Catholics against, prohibition.

May I ask him to accompany me some day to any of the many speakeasies in New York about five o'clock in the afternoon. There may be fifty or one hundred men there taking their before-dinner drink. Count noses. Forty-five out of the fifty, or ninety out of the hundred, are *Protestants*.

Again Mr. Niebuhr says that prohibition is in a sense "the flower of Puritanism." Evidently he is not conversant with the history of the Puritan immigration. The Pilgrim Fathers liked their rum and their wine, and they brought with them to this country alcoholic and vinous beverages, which they used with their Thanksgiving feasts.

The only resemblance between prohibition and Puritanism is intolerance. The prohibitionist is intolerant of those who drink; the Puritan was intolerant of those who dared to worship God in a different manner from the Puritans. In other words, the Puritan was not nearly as much interested in morals as he was in dogmas. He was perfectly ready to drive Roger Williams from Massachusetts for failure to conform to Puritan religion, but history fails to show that he ever expelled anybody for drinking wine or rum.

Mr. Niebuhr says: "In so far as the prohibition movement represents the effort of the Puritan Protestant majority in this country to bring the more recent immigrant groups which are loyal to Latin religious ideas and traditions under the dominion of Puritan ideas by the use of political force, it is alien to the true character of religion and its effect upon the nation is permanently schismatic."

Is there a Puritan Protestant majority in this country? I have many Protestant friends who would resent such an insinuation. The country is undoubtedly Protestant as a whole, but not Puritan, and, as intimated above, 99 percent of the people who support the speakeasies are Protestants. But they are not Puritans.

Mr. Niebuhr also takes it for granted that the majority of the people of the United States are for prohibition. That is an assumption only; the people have never yet been given a chance to vote their sentiments on prohibition, which was enacted into law by state legislatures, representative or misrepresentative of their constituencies. Until a national referendum is held, no one can say that the country as a whole is for or against prohibition.

The Catholic Church in this country has a longer and more consistent record on temperance than the Protestant Churches. From the days of Father Matthew and Archbishop Ireland down to the present time, Catholics have been in the van of the movement to curb the evil of drink. Unlike the Protestant Anti-Saloon League fanatics, they have not sought to force absolute prohibition on a reluctant constituency, but they have done a world of good in preaching temperance, and for those who can conform to it, total abstinence. . . .

A CATHOLIC READER.

New York City.

Are the Progressives Shell-Shocked?

SIR: There can no longer be any doubt that the rural fundamentalist assault on Governor Smith is causing casualties among his liberal supporters. Some have been gassed by the whispering campaign; others have been shell-shocked by the reverberant thunder of Southern bishops. Mr. Earle's vehement confession of faith in your issue of October 17 and the prominent place it is given by you illustrate the appalling effect of this warfare on highly intelligent, well balanced minds.

Mr. Earle fears that many honest people, blind to the larger considerations, are going to vote for Hoover, and for their redemption he bares his soul. The major issue, we learn, is the ecclesiastical domination of American life, and it is suggested that, though a vote for Smith is not a vote for the Pope, a vote for Hoover is surrender to the dark forces of Protestantism and the Ku Klux. Along with religion is the issue of good government, and it is implied that we have less to fear from Tammany, cleansed of its sins of the fragrant days of Tweed, than from the Ohio Gang and the oil barons. The third of the "larger considerations" is social snobbery. It seems that many years ago snobs voted against Jackson and Lincoln because of their humble origin, their lack of formal education and their rough ways, yet Jackson and Lincoln were great Presidents. Smith is similarly handicapped (a not altogether unique distinction), and one infers that his claims to the well worn mantle of Jackson and Lincoln are superior to Hoover's, who ruined his auspicious start at West Branch by working his way through college. To vote for Al, therefore, is to conform to a deep-seated American tradition; to vote for Hoover is to incur the suspicion of being a snob. In conclusion, Mr. Earle warns us that to vote for Hoover is to associate with "bootleggers and evangelical clergymen" and numerous other persons and institutions of doubtful character and ill repute amongst the urban intelligentsia.

I am not altogether convinced by Mr. Earle that the "larger considerations" he mentions will determine the vote of the liberal and presumably intelligent readers of the New Republic to whom this article is addressed. Moreover, I doubt if the supporters of the Governor will be confirmed in their faith by the garland plucked for Tammany from the Queens sewer scandals. I question if supporters of Hoover will be weakened in their approval of his prohibition stand by the statement that "Hoover will get the bootlegger vote."

In these and other incidental arguments, but especially in his "larger considerations," Mr. Earle, it seems to me, has sought the level of that opposition to the Governor which he affects to despise; he has, in fact, set down for our edification an eloquent rebuttal of Dr. Straton. And his conclusion is an appeal to prejudice worthy of those ecclesiastics who seek to dominate our national life. If these issues, raised by Smith's membership in the Catholic Church and Tammany Hall, are indeed the chief considerations on which Al's liberal supporters stand and on which recruits to his standard are solicited, shell-shock has been more devastating than I suspected. . . .

H. H. FISHER.

Palo Alto, Cal.

A Russian-American Dinner

SIR: Your readers may be interested to know that The American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia will give a dinner on Saturday evening, November 10, at the Hotel Astor, New York City, in honor of Professor John Dewey and the American Educational Delegation to Russia. The speakers will be Dr. Dewey; Dr. Donald J. Cowling, President of Carleton College; Fola La Follette, of the City and Country School, and Professor Waldemar G. Bogoras, Leningrad University, Russian Delegate to the Americanist Congress.

Those wishing to attend this dinner should communicate with the Society at 22 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York City. The telephone is Regent 8564.

GEORGE S. COUNTS.
Chairman, Dinner Committee.

New York City.

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Whither America?

The Second American Caravan: A Yearbook of American Literature. New York: The Macaulay Company. 872 pages. $5.

IT IS no derogation from the work itself to say that "The Second American Caravan" derives its chief importance from the first. It puts the seal of success upon the enterprise and bids fair for its continuance. A year ago the experiment was a daring one on the part of the publisher, the editors, and, it may be added, the readers. That it should have justified itself to the point of continuance is the important fact. Henceforth we shall look for the annual arrival of the "Caravan" with the same assurance as towards the monthly appearance of the Century or Scribner's, though possibly with different emotions.

The continuance of the "Caravan" as a physical fact being established, it is natural to look next for evidence of its continuity in internal structure and quality. At this point the reader notes a change in editorial policy. The original "Caravan" was projected to bring to light the work of new and undiscovered American writers. At once the severest criticism and the highest justification of it was the remark that it was made up from manuscripts of which most magazine editors had caught glimpses in rapid transit across their desks to the return envelope. One result of the publication of the first "Caravan" on which the editors now plume themselves is that "Many of its unacknowledged contributors have since been hailed as new lights of permanent brilliance," obviously by the conventional editors who hitherto had neglected them. We hope that this is true of every one of the fifty-three contributors to the first "Caravan" who are unrepresented in the second. Their disappearance makes room for forty-two new arrivals. The rather startling fact is that at least a third of these have arrived before. The editors congratulate themselves equally upon the fact that "Established authors of wide reputation have generously allowed us to draw upon their new and unusual work." This is a tribute to the success of the "Caravan" as an institution, but, as in the case of other institutions, it may mark a loss of the original spirit. If it could be said that these established writers made the "Caravan" a vehicle for work which because of its novelty or unconventionality was unable to find publication elsewhere, there would be a valid defense; but this is not in most cases true. On the other hand, some of the contributions bearing names of note suggest decline rather than advance. Now, decay in its feverish and morbid coloring is often as beautiful and exciting as growth, but it demands for its appreciation a different esthetic orientation. At least the "Caravan" ought not to try to carry them coming and going. Rather, the editors should project another annual anthology moving in the opposite direction, to be called the "American Cortège," or frankly, "The Hearse." There would be consolation in this funeral train for many readers who are a little weary of the vociferation of "large, lusty, loving" America. These remarks do not apply to such contributions as Conrad Aiken's "John Deth," Evelyn Scott's "Speed," Hartley Grattan's essay on Emerson, Wallace Gould's "Trilogy" and others which ought to be mentioned.

Another definite break with the declared policy of the "Caravan" is shown by the inclusion of excerpts from works soon to be published elsewhere. Jonathan Leonard's strange and intense character study, "Carolus Elston," may be said to stand up as complete in itself, but in most cases the anticipatory fragment does not justify itself, and is far from heightening expectation of the complete unit. Undoubtedly, the concurrence and support of writers of distinction is to be taken as a token of the permanent character of the "Caravan." Undoubtedly, in leaning on prestige in this second and critical year, the editors can justify themselves on grounds of strategy, as the Soviets in their New Economic Policy. But the true proletarian in letters will hope for the ultimate disappearance of the *Nepmen*. Meanwhile we like to think of Messrs. Kreymborg, Mumford and Rosenfeld recoiling editorially *pour mieux sauter*.

In reviewing the nineteen writers who appear for the second time in the "Caravan," it is natural to consider in what cases their promise has been fulfilled. Conspicuous is that of Morley Callaghan, whose "Autumn Penitent" shows the crude, living ore of his early work smelted and refined for more powerful shaping. Philip Edward Stevenson, in "Night Cries," turns the Southwestern life which he presented last year in a rambling boy's narrative, to a theme of high and tragic purport. Josephine Strongin, who remains, I think, the youngest contributor, and the only one under twenty, is a more than promising poet; but I regret the absence of the simple lyric strain in her present contribution. It is, of course, hard to treat Death in the abstract without his dread rhetorical panoply. Gertrude Diamant's study, "Pregnant," shows notable advance in its union of copiousness with restraint. One risks the cliché: She will go far.

The chief interest of the volume is and should be in the writers who have, neither in the "Caravan" nor elsewhere, made themselves decisively manifest to the American public. Of these it may not be invidious to mention Gamel Woolsey and Marya Zaturenska, whose lyrics ("For the Body" and "Pilgrimage") are living poetry. Notable in a newer manner are Howard Baker's "City of San Joaquin," Saville T. Clark's "Corporal Trim," Herman Spector's "A Poem" and Horace Gregory's "Husbandry." Three sketches in prose, Eve Goldbeck's "Arc," Gerald Sykes' "The Defense of the Sand Fortress" and Henry Goodman's "Waiting" illustrate the precisely appropriate application of three methods, the first, to the obscure complexities of the child mind, the second, to the half-lights of adolescence, the third, to the grimly clear simplifications of old age. It is gratifying to note that, in so far as one may judge from the incomplete biographical data given, a larger proportion of the writers of this group than of the other two belong by birth to the present century. It is hard to believe in the future of a new writer who was born before 1900.

In the second as in the first "American Caravan" one looks for indications of common tastes and general tendencies. The most striking are to be found in the group of studies, both in verse and prose, of specialized situations considered exhaustively in a multitude of implications and realized intensively. One can see here illustrated a technique varying from old-fashioned realism, through impressionism with concentration on salient detail, to expressionism or concentration on a state of consciousness—from the extension of the novel to the extreme intension of the concealed short story. Thus we have John Herrmann's novelette "Engaged," in monotone which reduces the material to a single plane of emphasis. We have William Shepard's "Lost," a cleanly wrought episode. We have Katherine Anne Porter's "Rope," a bit of masterly symbolism; Louise Townsend Nicholl's "Desert Island" and Gertrude Diamant's "Pregnant," equally distinctive penetrations of consciousness, the one by adroitly indirect diffusion, the other

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by sheer concentration. It is these indications of the winds of esthetic doctrine, difficult to detect in the motley confusion of the make-up, but the more trustworthy because undesigned, that give the "American Caravan" a value beyond the immediately practical ends to which it is addressed by its projectors.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Russia's Political Scissors

The Real Situation in Russia, by Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 389 pages. $2.50.

"THE REAL SITUATION IN RUSSIA" is the program of the anti-Stalin communists led by Trotsky. Mr. Eastman has translated this program together with a letter which Trotsky wrote to the Bureau of Party History of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist party under the title: "Stalin Falsifies History." He has also written an interesting introduction to the book. The material presented in the volume eclipses its obvious partisan and limited purpose. It throws penetrating light upon the conflict of social forces within the revolutionary state. The schism between Trotsky and Stalin expresses this conflict. It will be understood best if we remember that the Russian revolutionary party was born and grew to manhood under the prediction made by its founder and leader, G. V. Plekhanov, at the first Congress of the Socialist (Second) International, in 1889, that "the revolution in Russia will succeed as a working-class revolution only." The prediction came true in 1917, twenty-eight years later. The Revolution in Russia *did* succeed as a working-class revolution. Under these circumstances it is quite logical that the actual status of the working class after the Revolution should be considered *the* criterion of its success or failure. As shown in Trotsky's "The Real Situation in Russia," the Revolution has been a great success for its non-voting stockholders, but the active promoters of the enterprise have let victory slip out of their grip. The twenty-five million small land-owning farmers find the revolutionary development quite to their liking. The economically advancing class of the *nouveaux riches,* the *nepmen,* the *kulaks* and the technical experts, watch with delight their own growing power behind the throne of the proletariat. But the seven million wage-workers have little to be pleased with.

"We have a workers' state with bureaucratic distortions," Trotsky declares, "but the swollen and privileged administrative apparatus devours a considerable part of our surplus value. . . . The intensity of labor increases—the bad conditions of labor remain the same. The share of the working class in the general income of the country has fallen, at the same time that the share of other classes has grown. . . . The number of unemployed is growing incomparably faster than the general number of employed workers. Most labor conflicts are settled by compulsory rather than conciliatory measures. . . . The hiring and firing of workers is actually in the sole hands of the administration."

The new economic policy introduced under the strain of extreme necessity has let capitalism in through the window. It now seeks to gain admission through the front door. The workers made the Revolution. The peasants overtook it. The Revolution wiped out the aristocracy and middle classes. The government of the Revolution has created a new bourgeoisie. The vanguard of the proletariat holds the keys of the Soviet state. The *kulaks* and the *nepmen* have won access to the cash register.

Trotsky's criticism, obviously overemphasized, will not convince those who are outside of the struggle. His repeated claims that he and not the Stalinites are true to the tenets of Leninism will seem queer to the non-orthodox. Indeed, why may not revolutionists occasionally run out of the footsteps of canonized authority? Nor will Stalin be destroyed by pointing to the fact that Lenin had little use for him. But Trotsky's quarrel with Stalin, even if not altogether devoid of a personal tinge, lets the reader in on a new development in the Revolution, the "political scissors," if one may paraphrase the term Trotsky coined for Russian economics. These "scissors" signify the disparity between the interests of the State and the party in the land of the Soviets. The ends of the political scissors have been drawing apart for quite some time. Trotsky is found at the one end, Stalin at the other. Curiously enough, the two seem to have changed roles. Stalin, who has risen to power as a party politican, stands at the state end of the "scissors." Trotsky, to whom, in part at least, the Soviet State owes its birth, stands for what are the stakes of the party in the Revolution.

To the revolutionist Trotsky, the Soviet State has no intrinsic value unless it is the instrumentality of the proletariat advancing on international capitalism by way of a world-revolution. Trotsky's entire orientation is on the world-revolution. All his concrete proposals are projected toward that objective. He sees capital entering upon a new period of disturbances. He foresees "a war on the Soviet Union which will mean a series of catastrophes to international capitalism. . . . New wars, and especially a war against the Soviet Union, can become a gigantic accelerator of the downfall of world capitalism." Remembering that the Russian Revolution was largely achieved through the decisive and timely action of the Communist party, Trotsky wishes the party preserved in its revolutionary virginity. He wishes it to remain a party of no compromise, of no trading with capitalism, the enemy. Not so Stalin. He has his ear to the ground. He senses that the early revolutionary zeal is over. Not only the country is tired, the revolutionists themselves are. One may arouse their patriotism for self-defense, but it would be difficult to move them on a crusading march. Hence his theory of "Socialism in one country." The Soviet State is a reality. Stalin seeks to preserve it. The Communist party is allowed to be a vehicle for politics, but by no means a fire-generator. Having arrived by way of the Communist party, he proposes to rest with the Soviet State.

Trotsky lays the blame for Russia's troubles at the door of the Stalinist leadership of the Bolshevist party. Under Stalin the party has become inert, corrupt, is no longer representative of the working class. The Stalinites, Trotsky charges, "lead the party blindfold, they conceal the forces of the enemy, creating everywhere and in everything an official appearance of success . . . they move in zigzags accommodating themselves to, and ingratiating themselves with, hostile elements . . . who weaken and confuse the forces of the proletarian army." Trotsky, however, calls for no armed insurrection to put the misleaders down. He pleads with this thoroughly Stalinized party that it adopt a new course and un-Stalinize itself by giving the widest rank and file easy access to the Soviet state machinery. Thus Trotsky would rejuvenate the party and raise the sunken effectiveness of the state "apparatus."

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Trotsky's faith in the party is of the kind that moveth mountains.

Trotsky's picture of Russia's plight is doubtless overdrawn. The reasons why are obvious enough. But whatever the actual state of affairs, Stalin can hardly be considered the sole culprit. Presumably Stalinism found ready soil in the Russian party, or what did Trotsky do while Stalin was fortifying his grip on the situation? Stalin did a dastardly thing when he commanded his party historians to eradicate from official histories, textbooks and films all reference to Trotsky's magnificently creative role in the October revolution, to his part in the subsequent upbuilding of the Soviet State; Stalin frustrated all attempts of the opposition to gain the ear of the dissatisfied workers; but even if crudely, was he not doing what his predecessors introduced into the political behavior of the party? Trotsky and Lenin were the leaders of the Revolution and of the Communist party. Stalin was an understudy. Trotsky resents the violence which the Stalin regime employs against the opposition, but Stalin did not father the idea of a one-minded, strait-jacketed party, intolerant of even friendly criticism. Lenin did. Trotsky knows it, and he advances the argument that "violence can play an enormous revolutionary role, but only under one condition—that it is subordinated to a true class-policy." But is not Stalin ready to say that his is a true class-policy?

Trotsky and his adherents are out of the Communist party. Stalin has subdued the revolutionary ardor of the Communist party to the political exigencies of the Soviet State, but the dynamic equilibrium essential to the further growth of the Soviet State has not been achieved. Stalin clipped his party's revolutionary wings, and though it no longer flies, neither does it move. The much-heralded and hoped-for processes do not proceed. Not rapidly enough to meet the needs of the situation.

Party government, where a free play of politics is allowed, may prove an acceptable expedient. And politics may be the means of getting action where multitudes are involved. But a one-party government, with no means save rebellion of advancing a dissenting view and no outlet for ambition but subservient obedience, will inescapably lead to inertia, officialism. The Soviet revolution did not set out to establish a political party government. Whether or not the actors in the drama were fully aware of it, the Soviet revolution was the virtual promulgation of a functional democracy, a social system in which the political order would yield to an essentially economic arrangement. Lenin himself was great enough to pilot the Revolution towards this greater aim, so difficult to attain. And—those were the heroic days of the Revolution. But Lenin is no longer, and these are the week-days of history. Perhaps a world-revolution would help matters, but the Soviet State will not achieve revolutions abroad by broadcasting flaming resolutions. Only a very efficient Soviet State may prove advantageous to the workers in Russia, and by its example of achievement prove an effective fomenter of change in the rest of Europe. Trotsky's indictment of Stalin is an indictment of the Communist party itself, for party-communism, or what it has become since Lenin died, *is* Stalinism, a Machiavellianism without subtlety or humor, intellectually incapable of self-redemption. The Communist party did an heroic job in the first years of the Revolution, but peace and routine seem to have badly affected its creative capacities. What is needed in the second decade of the Revolution is not a re-hashing of old political verbiage, but a broadening out of the "apparatus" toward a social-engineering direction of state affairs. Trotsky is doubtlessly up to that task, if given the opportunity, but to meet it squarely he would have to step on the toes of a good many party deities, personal and impersonal. In such an effort, strangely enough, he might find himself a political bed-fellow with Stalin, both of them fighting Stalinism. But social reality is no respecter of political labels and temporary alignments. *Qui vivra verra.*

J. B. S. HARDMAN.

Alas!

The Buck in the Snow and Other Poems, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper and Brothers. 69 pages. $2.

TWO bright motifs give warmth to the delicate pattern of Miss Millay's poetry: a love of life, even at its ugliest and most pitiable; a love of love, even at its briefest and most wanton. Seldom has she turned from celebrating the joy of sheer being, the magic of enkindled blood, to august, obscure, terrible matters. She has been, in essence, a lyricist, a singer, uttering bird-like, sweet and mournful cries. Her acute perception of the natural scene has never diverted her from the merely human eyes that beheld it, from the poor human heart that was cheered by those autumnal colors or chilled by those spring tremors. Her hatred, her defiance of death has never let her travel to the altitudes where, as an elder and more profound poet has it, soul can "clap . . . hands and sing, and louder sing for every tatter in its mortal dress."

So superbly, indeed, did she play her countless variations on the old melodies, so shrewdly did she draw the last drop of honey from each note, so wittily did she embroider on the excellent stuff that was fingered by such diverse hands as Crashaw and Heine, that one asked nothing further than that she proceed as she had begun. How is it, then, that this latest volume, which shows her instrument tuned to no strange key, her throat still musical, is a disappointment?

The secret of the trouble seems to be that the poet has already said so perfectly all that she had to say, that now her utterance is redundant. Furthermore, one can match most of the lyrics in this book with previous lyrics of hers, and find, alas! that the earlier ones were more sharply expressed. Her fervor is undiminished. Not so, unfortunately, her power of conveying it. Contrast, for example, "Morituras," the opening poem in this volume, with "The Poet and His Book" from "Second April." Granted, the subject is not precisely identical: the one is a summons to the body to defeat death, the other a plea for such fleshless immortality as art confers. But there is enough of the same fierce death-defying spirit in both to justify the comparison, and it is not the later poem that triumphs. Contrast, again, "The Road to Avrillé" with that smooth pointed lyric called "Passer Mortuus Est," from her earlier pages, or compare any, except the last, of the seven sonnets in this collection with the eight sonnets that appeared in the miscellany, "American Poetry: 1922." The exception, "On Hearing a Symphony by Beethoven," already published in the New Republic, is fibered with the authentic quality of Miss Millay's verse at its best.

Indeed, were it not for this sonnet, for the title-poem, for the short piece called "The Anguish" and that "On First Having Heard the Skylark," I should be inclined to blame myself rather than the poet for the sense of some-

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thing lost or missed with which this book leaves me. But since in the lyrics mentioned she recaptures for me her first enchantment, it seems reasonable to suppose that elsewhere the fault is as much with her voice as with my ears. It must be admitted that several of the lesser pieces have a grace and strength that would crown the work of a lesser poet, but Miss Millay has taught her audience to expect a packed simplicity of speech that is not present here, and it is in falling short of her own previous achievement that she fails her most devoted readers.

Technically, too, her work is less felicitous than usual. The exact meters which she employed to such advantage in her earlier books seem more intimately her own than the long uneven cadences in which many of the present poems are written. She is too clever a craftsman to do ill with the new method, but she does better with the more formal one.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Max Romanus

A Variety of Things, by Max Beerbohm. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 268 pages. $3.

MR. BEERBOHM is not strictly a beautiful writer. His simplicity is a trifle larger than life, and his irony slyer than it need be. An anarchy of small conceits is his stock-in-trade, a faint overtone of wit, every phrase asserting its rights over a not discreditable sentence. For the rest, his writing is not at all original. It seems to have been derived rather from a gallimaufry of familiar models. From Thackeray comes the shapely tilt of the paragraph. The anti-climax is a mere replica of Sterne's, lacquered in an up-to-date manner and strung with the littlest ironies. No anthology, no garden of prose, has not been robbed, nor any Augustan writer, for the polish of Mr. Beerbohm's style. His form is imitation-faultless. His affectations and sentimentalisms are of very mean proportions. He has no bathos to speak of.

In short, he is a parodist of genius. Though his writing may be vague memories, nothing but memories, the fleeting half-smile of reminiscence is his own. His caricatures and his prose are of one piece. Had he never read a book, nor seen a picture, we should never have known how incomparable he was. Of himself, he is indeed "a quiet and unexciting writer," and in his own character as lucid and as empty as a plate-glass window. But, happily for us, he cannot often resist the temptation to become a mirror —a mirror whose reflections are so inobvious that it seems still to be transparent. The lucidity remains, but now there is cast a tell-tale malicious gleam on the unfortunate image, a subtle distortion.

In the present volume, Mr. Beerbohm has collected some fairy stories, imaginary portraits, essays, and a one-act play. The portrait of T. Fenning Dodworth, the parody of William James, and the story, "Not that I Would Boast," are in the manner which his readers have come to regard as his best, and most typical. The book contains other specimens, however, no less authentic, which reveal not so much a weakness as an absence of strength.

Few men should be allowed to be serious in public: Mr. Beerbohm is not one of them. Thanks to his sense of the fitting, he rarely attempts it, but there have been occasions. The present book recalls a few of them. His paper in appreciation and defense of Aubrey Beardsley is a very faint likeness of a human being. And he can bring himself to mention, with unsmiling blandness, "the wealth of skillful and appropriate fancy" with which Beardsley aped the text of the "Morte d'Arthur." Not that Mr. Beerbohm ever makes a fool of himself, but that his *métier* is making a fool of others. Surely he cannot be censured for trying his tongue on other ways of speech; but we, too, must be absolved of blame if we prefer him in his more accustomed manner. He has not the gift of praise, nor has he been blessed with a gladly appreciative eye. His attempts in this vein seem now curiously topical, surprisingly out-of-date; soon (one may imagine) they may be of interest only to earnest students of Yellow Book fripperies.

No, Mr. Beerbohm has never been able to ensnare the Muse's favor by a direct declaration; his successful method has been more oblique and insinuating. He has her favor: she has looked at him more than once out of the corner of her eye. With this equivocal relationship between them we should all be content. Perhaps it is a cross which Mr. Beerbohm must bear, but he has borne it hitherto with few, and tacit, complaints. We may hope that his stony path stretches far before him.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Beloved Scoundrel

François Villon: A Documented Survey, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. New York: Coward-McCann. 407 pages. $5.

ALMOST five centuries ago (in 1431) François Villon, Master of Arts, sneak-thief, night-brawler and poet, uttered his first wawl of dismay as he sniffed the mundane air. Before he had attained the age of Christ, he had disappeared from authentic record, and the last time that we see him is when he takes to the road, disconsolate at his second banishment from Paris, but grinning at having again escaped from doing a doleful jig upon the gibbet of Montfaucon.

In forceful prose, pleasingly lighted by a leisurely eighteenth-century attitude, and pungent with the gusto of tavern language, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis has presented us with a most admirable biography of this Villon. Although the author makes gestures of concealing his scholarship, insisting that the book is not for "a rabble of pedants nuzzled in the brabbling-shops of Sophisters," the Documented Survey reveals a zest in research and a scrupulous study of the most solid French authorities—Longnon and Champion and Gaston Paris, together with Louis Thausne's last word on the text of the poems and Marcel Schwob's valuable notes on the Coquillards and the Jargon. With engaging candor Mr. Lewis confesses that he has not bothered to decipher many of the "crabbed originals" for himself, for he declares it is only a fool who goes rooting about in the stubble when harvest is laid up. Of course, there is scarcely more than a handful of authenticated documents, which may be anybody's for the asking, and Mr. Lewis in his critical analysis has made the best possible use of the poems themselves, where Villon writes the greater part of his own story. The Survey is furnished with a picturesque *mise-en-scène* of Pre-Renaissance Paris, sharply accurate in historical details. After setting the stage, Mr. Lewis calls the shade of its incomparable poet back to life, and François acts again his tortured, devil-may-care part, singing his wine-stained songs with the breath of immortality. It seems to me that Mr. Lewis has revealed about all there is to be known of the venturings of the body and soul of this beloved scoundrel.

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by ERIK NORDENSKIÖLD

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Large 8vo. cloth, 645 pages. Illustrated. $6.00

This volume is the only outstanding and complete account of the development of biology. It is the author's intention to present a picture of the evolution of biological science throughout the ages, viewed in conjunction with the general cultural development of mankind. Thus regarding the problems of biology as a link in the general history of culture, it treats in detail the entire scope of the subject, including personalities and general tendencies, as well as the more specific results of biological research. The author expounds and evaluates the work of every scientist of importance in this field from the time of Babylon to the present century, and adequately summarizes the work of moderns since 1900, setting it off in the light of what preceded. Dr. Raymond Pearl says "There has long been a great need for a systematic historical account of the development of biology. In my judgment the need is admirably met by Nordenskiöld's book. It covers the ground adequately, is well written, and, on the whole, is sound philosophically as well as historically."

The French Revolution

by ALBERT MATHIEZ

Professor of Modern History, University of Dijon. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips

Large 8vo. cloth, 529 pages. $5.00

After more than twenty years of patient research in the French archives, masses of which had never been explored, and in the *dossiers* of the secret police —an almost unworked mine—which alone contain the information on which the leaders of the Government acted, and so explain, if they do not justify, the terrorist policy of the Committee of Public Safety in general and of Robespierre in particular, Professor Mathiez has here collected the results of his labors in one monumental volume. Known as the chief apologist for Robespierre against Danton, M. Mathiez here sets down a new interpretation of the events of the French Revolution and of their participation in it. The London *Times* has said of M. Mathiez and his work: "No one who has read his works can doubt the wide range of his research, the soundness of his scholarship, his obvious reverence for truth, or his great capacity for piecing together fragmentary evidence in such a way as to go near to producing complete conviction".

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·*Publisher* BORZOI BOOKS 730 FIFTH AVENUE·N·Y.

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Since the author has done so well in the matter of his writing, it is regrettable that he has a certain annoying quality in his manner—that of scattering barbed parentheses throughout his estimable pages, playful acid asides. He cannot refrain from having his little joke, even when there is important matter at hand, and he pauses to give a dig here, a yerk under the ribs there—to Rossetti and his school, to Quarterly Reviewers, to Lord Tennyson, to business men, to our modern era, to the Victorian Age and the Age of Reason. And one wishes that before beginning his work he had cleared his shoulders of the numerous Catholic chips which he is jumping to defend at unexpected moments. It is significant that this excellent biography—whose *leit motif* is the religious faith of Villon—should have been written by a man with a deep interest in the Middle Ages and Catholicism. But it is a pity that the author could not have conserved his malicious fun-pokings at extraneous subjects for other volumes in which their peculiar brilliancy might have a more suitable setting.

HUDSON STRODE.

Fiction Notes

The Women at the Pump, by Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS novel lacks the strong grain and the intensity of "Growth of the Soil," but it displays once more Hamsun's superb mastery of Norwegian small-town types and daily talk. The plot is not so much a plot as a skillful accumulation of episodes, or hints for a number of plots, built around sundry firmly conceived, though by no means elaborately drawn, characters. In the earlier portion of the book the episodic technique, accentuated by Hamsun's chatty, sardonic whimsicality, lulls the reader into a certain undemandingness as to structure. But as the story rounds to its own particular kind of climax, at once casual and wilful, the reader is suddenly confronted by a well planned, retrospective picture in which the loosely assembled story is the background, while the characters are the subject.

Hamsun is nothing if not a portraitist. But his people—and herein lies his peculiar excellence—are not so much insets in life as autonomous existences which by their secret and necessary hostilities create life, with its deceptive smoothness of texture. This means that Hamsun, for all his apparent realism, is at heart an anti-cultural romantic, ever creating the light in which he sees his people out of the heat of his own none-too-carefully-masked loves and angers. It is strange and refreshing in this day to experience a writer who is romantic and dogged, stubborn, not romantic and soft. If to be "modern" is to be yielding but callous, Hamsun is no modern.

E. S.

Extraordinary Women, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: Macy-Masius. $2.50.

EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN" furnishes adequate proof of an Anglo-Saxon's ingenuity when stimulated, perhaps even over-stimulated, by a Lesbian theme. It is a long dance of the hours competently costumed and staged and presided over with lively enthusiasm by Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Sometimes it seems even as if he dashed impetuously from the side-lines to take a turn with his little pink Lulu, or his bronze Rosalba, with all the abandon of an English-speaking person who is convinced that his self-consciousness has been dispelled in the Italian sunshine. The book is generally entertaining, sometimes even sufficiently genial and apt in its penetration of human fancy-dresses to masquerade in the ranks of the serious novels of manners. And yet, reminded by the author himself, we might compare "Extraordinary Women" to M. André Gide's treatment of the homesexual theme in "The Counterfeiters," in which the disorder of the material is arranged with such curiously profound and pathetic effect by the earnestness of the purpose; and as the Sirenian tempo accelerates and the nymphs get more and more dishevelled, we are disposed to admit that we also are tired.

E. F.

Jingling in the Wind, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

AFTER Miss Roberts has got past the first fine careful rapture of her opening pages, her satirical fantasy jingles delightfully in the wind. It is pure poetic foolery that carries Jeremy the Rainmaker on his way to the Rainmakers' Convention, presents his roadside acquaintances and their Chaucerian intercourse, and brings him to the arms of the lady rainmaker, Tulip McFee, at the journey's end. Imaginative fluency and ironic playfulness enliven the tale, and occasional blithe lyrics adorn it. The sting of satire does no more than point the poetic pleasantry—sharpen the jocund melody of the silver bells, and lure the reader through the preliminary thickets of particularized description to the beauty that lies beyond.

D. B. W.

Storming Heaven, by Ralph Fox. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THIS book does not quite come off, either as fiction or propaganda. The story is, to be sure, as jerky and inconclusive as life itself, but instead of achieving realism in this manner, it contrives merely to distract and dissipate the reader's sympathetic interest. The chances and changes of young John's drifting fortunes carry him through countries that focus the world's attention today. First-hand testimony on Russia since the Revolution is immediately challenging, even if quite obviously partisan. But the propaganda would have been more effective—the document even more impressive—without this story of a wambling vagabond of sixteen and his casual adventures with idealistic Bolshevists and unscrupulous bourgeois. These are divided precisely on the line demanded by a nine-year-old watching a movie mix-up—"Which are the *good* guys? Are those the bad guys?" Mr. Fox is for the good guys every time, but—although sound Communists every one—they are too good to be true.

D. B. W.

Contributors

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